THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. V. JUNE, 1897. No. 4.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

The publication of Professor Wilkinson's second paper on Keats is unavoidably postponed to our July number. It will relate to the "Ode to a Nightingale." We are also compelled to hold over Mr. Bacon's second paper on "Old Boston Booksellers."

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In view of what on the face of it might appear to be a charge of plagiarism against THE BOOKMAN in a recent paragraph in the *Evening Post*, on the ground that some matter appearing in these columns had already appeared in the *British Weekly*, we wish to state that Dr. Robertson Nicoll, whose name appears as English editor of THE BOOKMAN, is also editor of the *British Weekly*.

❀

Mr. Howells has just finished for the American Book Company a volume entitled *Ohio Stories*, to make one of a series to which Mr. Frank Stockton is to contribute *New Jersey Stories*, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris *Georgia Stories*. Mr. Howells will then take up and complete the serial that was announced for this year in *Harper's Bazar*, but which will really be the leading serial in that periodical next year.

❀

Last autumn the *Morning Post* of London sent to this country a young journalist, Mr. G. W. Steevens, who observed very carefully our political campaign and wrote to his paper some of the most brilliant and vivid letters that we have ever seen in a newspaper, and which at the time were quoted far and wide both in Europe and in this country. These letters form the basis of a book to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It gives a most original and striking series of impressions not only of our political ways, but of the country and its life as seen by an original and unbiassed observer who has a remarkable gift of writing nervous, glowing English. His novel picture of Chicago is one of the most epic things that can be found in prose. Mr. Steevens is now acting as war correspondent in Greece for one of the London dailies.

❀

We desire to call the attention of our readers to what we consider a very remarkable piece of literary work. When we heard, not long ago, that Mr. Le Gallienne had been making an independent verse-rendering of Omar Kháyyám, we did not take the matter very seriously, having formed a pretty definite opinion of Mr. Le Gallienne's powers and apparent limitations. That opinion has now been shattered by this really astonishing performance. Though it seems a great deal to say, we are free to assert that, in our judgment, FitzGerald's rendering of the *Rubáiyát* must hereafter take the second place as a paraphrase of the poet of wine, love, and roses. In Mr Le Gallienne's quatrains there are not only a delicate and subtle charm of language and all the curious artifices of expression so characteristic of Oriental poetry, but also a subtly sensuous warmth and glow that are still more suggestive of the East, and that here even more than in FitzGerald's reproduction permeate and enrich the whole. This poem, which has been secured by Mr. Walker of the *Cosmopolitan*, is published in the current number of that magazine, and will presently appear in book form. Both be-

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cause interest in Omar is perennial and because of the remarkable beauty and felicity of Mr. Le Gallienne's verse, we especially advise a very careful reading of it.

❀

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who returned to France on the 8th of the present month, had a most flattering reception in this country, his lectures being crowded and the public interest in them very great. These lectures amounted to twenty-five in all, nine having been given at the Johns Hopkins University, six at Columbia University, three at Harvard, one at Yale, and the others singly in various places. They were not written out, but were delivered in an extemporaneous fashion from notes; yet they were extremely finished in their style and were uttered with all the ease and charm of an accomplished orator. It is understood that he will write out the substance of the nine lectures delivered at the Johns Hopkins University to make a book, which will be published at an early date. Before this volume appears, however, there will be published a work from his pen upon French literature extending to some 400 pages, the greater part of which, we understand, is already in type. This book will be ready early in the autumn and will appear simultaneously in French and English, the translation into English being now in preparation in this country.

❀

Something was said in our last Paris Letter about the editorial conduct of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during M. Brunetière's absence. We should imagine that the office of the gentleman who acted as his substitute was a good deal in the nature of a sinecure, inasmuch as before leaving France, M. Brunetière had made up four entire numbers of the *Revue*, and had actually read the proofs of them prior to his departure.

❀

M. Brunetière stated to a friend during his visit in New York that he should himself write several articles for the *Revue*, giving his impressions of America and of American life. It is interesting to note that these impressions are singularly unlike those which M. Bourget has recorded in *Outre-Mer*. M. Bourget was struck with the rush and turmoil and what he regarded as the half-ferocious commercial and material activity in our life. M. Brunetière, on the other hand, found nothing of the sort, but carried away an impression of refinement and repose which, we imagine, he had not expected to receive. We are inclined to think that his protracted stay in Baltimore and, in fact, the length of his visits in each city where he lectured are responsible for this truer and more pleasing view. Poor M. Bourget was rushed about the continent like a theatrical star, slammed through factories and hurried through stock yards, until his mind was probably stunned by the energy of his entertainers.

❀

M. Brunetière had admirable opportunities during his stay in this country to hear all styles and varieties of American French, for he resolutely declined to express himself in spoken English. He passed through the ordeal nobly, and managed always to keep a perfectly straight face. His powers of repression must have been severely tested, however, during a short stay that he made in a college town, where he gave one or two lectures and where a certain Academic Potentate (as to whose sex we shall be silent) took him in tow and showed him all the local sights. The Potentate's French vocabulary was strictly limited, and consisted principally of the two words *cela—est*, uttered with a considerable hiatus between them. During the great critic's visit these two words were seriously overworked, for the Potentate would go about indicating everything, animate and inanimate, with a deictic forefinger, accompanied by the invariable formula, *e.g.*, "Cela—est—le—hall—où—most of les professeurs qui are not mariés — live;" "Cela — est le — collège pump;" and "Cela—est le Professeur de Mathematics." It has been stated in a weekly journal of this city that M. Brunetière and his party made very merry over these and similar linguistic performances that were given for his benefit. But we may be sure that if they did so, they did it strictly in the privacy of their own apartments and not in the observation of the representative of this journal; for, in the first place, M. Brunetière is too thoroughly a gen-

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tleman to ridicule the well-meant efforts of his entertainers, who, like the pianist in the mining camp, were at any rate doing their best; and in the second place, a Frenchman is always extremely appreciative of even the most seismic attempts to converse with him in his own tongue. And, moreover, it is likely that nearly all the French addressed to him was, at the very least, considerably better than his own English.

❀

His last lecture in New York, which criticised so sharply M. Émile Zola and other naturalistic writers, has been very absurdly caught up by some of the French journals as the basis for charging him with lack of patriotism and of courtesy in attacking his fellow-countrymen before a foreign audience. In reality M. Brunetière's remarks were inspired by a very admirable patriotism—by a desire to show that these writers misrepresented France; that the low brutes of *La Terre* are not the real peasants of France; that the bestial scenes of *Germinal* are not such as are common in the French mining districts; that French life is falsified and slandered in *Pot Bouille* and *Nana* and *L'Assommoir*. In other words, he was really defending France with a noble ardour against attacks which were the more effective because delivered indirectly through literature, and because Frenchmen were themselves the authors. We commend these remarks to the unduly excited gentlemen of the Parisian press.

❀

M. Brunetière is to write for an early number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The subject of his article will turn on a discussion of the racial difference in style which gives the French such a pre-eminence over the Anglo-Saxon in literature.

❀

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has just finished a new novel entitled *Caleb West—Master Diver*. It will begin to appear serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, probably in October, and be published as a book in the spring of next year. Two of Mr. Smith's former characters, both heroes in their way, play important parts in this story: Captain Joe, the man who saved a Hoboken ferry-boat from sinking in midstream by forcing his body into a gash left in the boat's side by a colliding tug; and Major Tom Slocombe of Poconoke, already known to us in *A Gentleman Vagabond*. The original of Captain Joe is, we believe, a famous wrecker and submarine engineer of New London, Conn. The scene of the story is laid on the Connecticut shore, and the interest is centred in the erection of a lighthouse situated some eight miles from the harbour. Mr. Smith's own intimate knowledge of lighthouse-building and his familiarity with the life of men working on the sea enable him to enter a field in which he is perfectly at home. But the strong contrasts of character and the central dramatic situation of the story give it a powerful attraction, independent of the wealth of local colour, if heightened by it. It will undoubtedly take rank as the best work that Mr. Smith has written. It goes with a verve and a swing that are irresistible; it is a story of every-day life, like *Tom Grogan*, and, like that, makes its appeal by dwelling on the romantic side of familiar things. *Tom Grogan*, published just a year ago, is now nearing its twentieth thousand; *Caleb West*, we believe, will outsell even that.

❀

Mr. Blackmore's new book, *Dariel*, which has been running through *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which is considered one of his best novels, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Blackwood in England, and in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It was found impossible to publish the story in an American magazine, as the American magazines are more and more unwilling to print long serials—a fact which is exerting its influence in the reduction of the length of novels.

❀

One of the longest novels of the year will be Mr. Hall Caine's work, *The Christian*. Mr. Hall Caine, who has recently been in London, had some thought of publishing his book in July, but for various reasons it is probable that it will now be deferred till the autumn. The passages omitted in serial form are to be restored in the book, and there is no doubt that the novel will cause considerable discussion.

❀

Ian Maclaren will not publish any

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work of fiction during this year, but he will issue one, if not two, religious books before Christmas. The scene of his next volume of stories will be laid, in part at least, in America. He is making progress with his life of Christ, which will probably be entitled *The Life of the Master*, and which is to run serially through *McClure's Magazine* in America.

❀

A new periodical entitled *The Journal of Germanic Philology* made its appearance on the first of April. Professor G. E. Karsten, the originator of the plan, is Professor of Germanic Philology in the University of Indiana, and he has begun the *Journal* on a basis that ought to assure it a flattering success. He is himself its editor-in-chief, and has associated with him, as co-editors, Professor George Holz of Leipzig, who will look after the European interests of the magazine, Professor A. S. Cook of Yale for the department of English, Dr. H. S. White of Cornell for the department of German Literature, and Dr. G. A. Hench of Michigan for the department of Germanic Grammar. Before beginning publication, Professor Karsten secured an adequate financial support in the patronage of seven very public-spirited gentlemen of Indianapolis. Although only articles by trained and competent experts will be admitted to its columns, the *Journal* is planned for the teacher of all grades and for the student of Germanics. By influencing teachers in academies, colleges, and high schools, it ought to establish a closer relation than has heretofore existed between pure and applied philology, between the study and the class-room. It will also open for American investigators a way to the attention of Germanists abroad.

❀

The first number contains several strictly linguistic articles, and two that are devoted more especially to literature. The former were written by George Hempl, G. A. Hench of Michigan, O. B. Schulter of the Hartford High School, F. A. Blackburn of Chicago, G. E. Karsten, and H. Schmidt-Wartenberg of Chicago. Dr. Schmidt-Wartenberg's paper is the first in a series of phonetic studies carried on with the instrument used by Rousselot for measuring and counting the vibrations caused by the organs of speech. In this study the writer discusses the labials in Finnic and Swedish, and also *r*-vibrations. The illustrations accompanying it will help one not acquainted with the method more easily to comprehend it. The literary article by Professor White reviews the numerous theories with regard to the birthplace of Walther von der Vogelweide, points out how they are inconclusive, and draws the inference that with the data now at hand no definite proof at all can be established with regard to the matter. Dr. E. P. Morton of Indiana investigates the stage-history of Shakespeare's plays in the seventeenth century, and shows that the critics of the time failed to appreciate the poet as he should have been appreciated. The department of reviews is in this number devoted to periodicals dealing with Germanics, and will serve to acquaint the readers with the nature and contents of several of the German periodicals of this class. The term "Germanic philology," accepted in the broad sense laid down in Paul's *Grundriss*, will, through the influence of the *Journal*, come to be more properly understood; and the narrow prejudices too often existing between the mere linguist and the student of literature will be diminished. The *Journal* is founded on so firm a basis that it cannot fail to be worthy of its name and worthy also of the respect and support of every serious scholar.

❀

Miss Beatrice Harraden, whose story, *Hilda Strafford*, is reviewed on another page, is endeavouring to recuperate on the Continent, and was, when we last heard from her, staying at Lucerne.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in the autumn a new book of children's stories by Rafford Pyke, with illustrations of a very novel character by Mélanie Elisabeth Norton. Mr. James Bowden will publish the book, which is entitled *The Adventures of Mabel*, in England.

❀

The well-known publishers of the complete edition of Jane Austen's works recently received a letter addressed to Miss Jane Austen, care of Messrs. Bentley and Sons. They are in some little perplexity as to the delivery!

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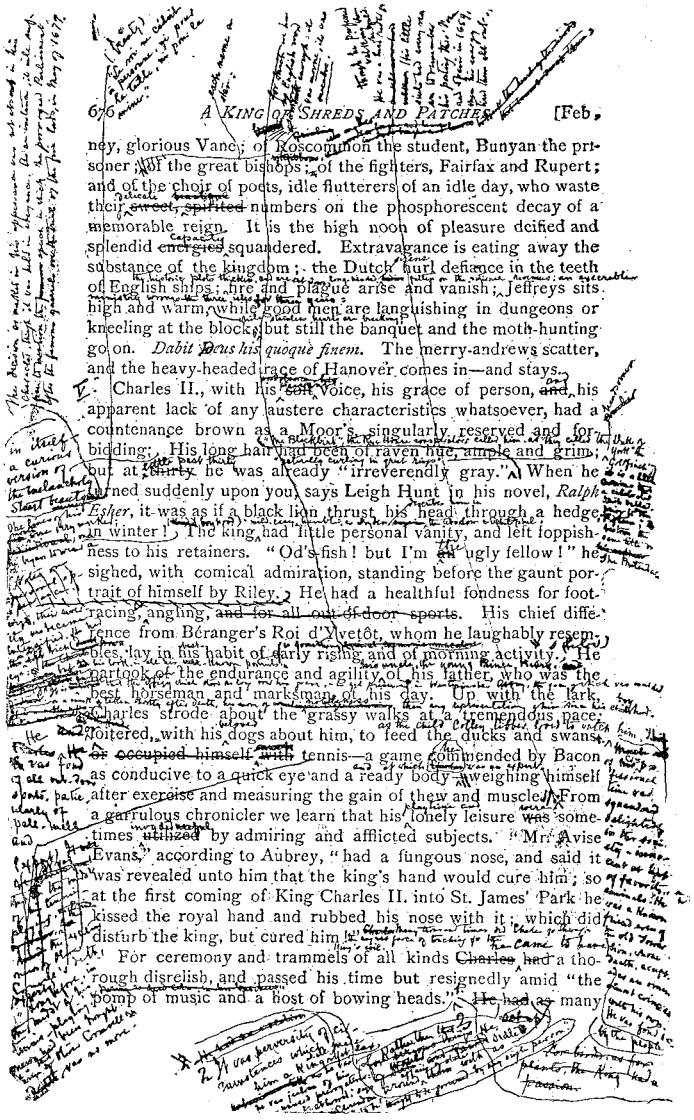
Messrs. Copeland and Day have just put forth a collection of essays by Miss Guiney, which we announced a few months ago under the title of *Patrins*, to which is added, "an Inquirendo Into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty King Charles the Second." This latter appeared originally in the *Catholic World* for February, 1887, under the caption "A King of Shreds and Patches." It amused us a good deal the other day, when looking over Miss Guiney's copy for this book, to find it all made up of scraps of paper of every hue and colour and every size and shape. The publishers say there must have been about four million pieces! We reproduce a page from the original paper on Charles the Second with Miss Guiney's revisions for the book, which we were successful in purloining for the public eye.



A PAGE OF MISS GUINEY'S MANUSCRIPT FOR "PATRINS."

Miss Guiney also stands sponsor for an edition of selected poems by James Clarence Mangan, which Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company are about to publish. This edition contains a portrait and a study of the poet by Miss Guiney. The dedication runs thus:

"Dear Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the new Mangan begs to be yours, partly for the gratification of its editor, one of the many who revere you; much more for the sake of the poor poet who helped to endear your distinguished name when he saluted it, fifty years ago, as that of his kindest friend. What the book has tried to be, you will know best. Far away, in your late southern sunshine, among distances, with the old clear-seeing mood ever upon you, may you read it gently!"

It was stated by the press generally that Miss Guiney's *Lovers' Saint Ruth's*, published a year ago, was her first work in prose. This is a mistake, as she has published three tiny volumes: *Goosequill Papers*, published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers; *Monsieur Henri*, the story of Henri de la Rochejacquelin and La Vendée; and *A Little English Gallery*, a collection of papers on Lady Danvers, the mother of George Herbert, on Henry Vaughan, George Farquhar, Topham Beauclerk and Ben-

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net Langton, and on William Hazlitt. This, like *Monsieur Henri*, contains portraits from the past, dead men and a dead woman, whose memories are revivified by the tender art and imagination of the writer. The preface of *Monsieur Henri*, with its obligations, reminds one somehow of Stevenson, putting up in "God's green caravanserai." Indeed, in its boyishness and charm the spirit of Miss Guiney's work is closely akin to that of the author of *Travels with a Donkey*.

❀

It would be more correct to say that *Lovers' Saint Ruth's* was Miss Guiney's first attempt at story-telling in prose, and it is, we fear, to be viewed as accidental rather than as experimental. The genesis of this collection of stories will explain this. A long time ago Miss Guiney sent the title-story to her publishers in Boston, not with a view to publication, but, as is her wont, merely to show them something she had been writing. It was the relation of a dream, she says, from end to end—by no means an isolated experience among story-tellers. The publishers with rare discernment recognised the singular beauty and power of the story, and locked it up in their safe until Miss Guiney should in the course of time write some more, when they determined to make a book of them. The volume put before the public was the result; but Miss Guiney's achievement stopped short with the initial story, which by a strange anomaly surely she confesses to having reluctantly included. For were it not for this triumph of the book one would willingly turn away to her poetry again. But "Lovers' Saint Ruth's" bids the little volume linger and receive the honoured niche on the choice bookshelf.

❀

Miss Guiney prefers her poetry to be judged by the volume entitled *A Roadside Harp*. "Miss Guiney," writes a friend from over the seas, "is in love with bygone things—with the wealth of beauty and art which a people old in civilisation has heaped up for itself. This is why she, the daughter of a distinguished Irish-American soldier, joins to her Celtic passion for beauty a great love of England. Reading her work, one is often reminded of her countryman Mr. Henry James's *Passionate Pilgrim*. Hers is no New World inspiration for beauty vast and shapeless. She is fascinated by old abbeys, old graveyards, old castles and houses; English villages, red-roofed and embowered in trees; English landscapes, mellow with age and cultivation. . . . Old conventions of honour and chivalry, old simplicities and adornments of religion, appeal to her, as do the poets who are English classics."

❀

Mr. Edward Arnold has just published a new book by Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled *Thirty Strange Stories*, which will make delightful summer reading. Mr. Arnold will also publish in the autumn the serial of Mr. Wells now appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*, where it has attracted a good deal of attention. *The War of the Worlds* is a daring imaginative story describing the most gigantic conflict ever conceived—a conflict between the Martians and Terrestrials.

❀

An amusing instance of the way in which titles will sometimes get jumbled up is afforded by the chronicler of "Literary Chat" in the May *Munsey's*, where Mr. Wells's *The Time Machine* and *The Wonderful Visit* are contorted into *The Time Visit* and *The Flying Machine!* We submit this to the remarkable inventive genius of the author; as just now, when the flying machine is so much in the air, Mr. Wells may be able to build on the mistake.

❀

An interesting bit of history is that contained in General John M. Schofield's account in the *Century* of his share in securing the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico in 1866. We hope that the time is near at hand when all the facts relating to this interesting Mexican episode may be fully and finally gathered together in a permanent form.

❀

In turning the leaves of a scrap-book the other day—do any but those who have professional use for them now keep scrap-books, or write in diaries?—the eye lighted on an old newspaper clipping, one that told a story of general interest, a story worth repeating, with the omitted names and added details. It—the story, not the clipping—dated back to 1851, when the late Samuel McLean,

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of Brooklyn, widely known as a racy raconteur of a long lifetime's experiences (just previous to his death at seventy-four he had crossed the Atlantic for the ninety-ninth time), was visiting London with his bride, who was Miss Chapman, of Hartford, Conn. It was the year in which the Crystal Palace was opened, an opening graced with the presence of royalties, great personages, and celebrities generally; but only holders of season tickets, costing £5o each, were admitted. The price seemed a little too steep for Mr. McLean, as he had seen pretty much everybody at one time or another, but he wanted Mrs. McLean to go. So he bought a season ticket for her and sent her with some English friends. Mrs. McLean was a short, slight woman, and when she reached the Crystal Palace on the day of the opening, the crowd completely hemmed her in. She could not catch a glimpse of a single royalty or celebrity. Tears of chagrin sprang to her eyes as she realised her disappointment and the price of it. A "distinguished-looking Englishman," as she afterwaid described him, who stood beside her, grasped the situation at a glance, and saying, "Permit me, madam," he closed his hands around her waist, and lifted her, as he would a child, above the crowd, holding her there as long as he could, and pointing out the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the other royalties and celebrities. After he had set her down and rested himself, he raised her again, and then a third time. When she thanked him, he said simply: "I am always glad to do a favour for an American." All that summer she tried in vain to identify her "distinguished Englishman," but finally came home without learning who he was. Years afterward in Plymouth Church, when the lecturer of the evening entered with Henry Ward Beecher, she turned to her husband and exclaimed, "That's my Englishman!" It was Thackeray, whom she met later and entertained at her home, recalling the incident to their mutual satisfaction. Who but the creator of Colonel Newcome could have dared to attempt so unconventional a kindness; or have done it with a quick tact and delicacy that gave no offence?

❀

The House of Dreams, which was published anonymously about a month ago, is, we believe, the work of Mr. W. J. Dawson, the author of *London Idylls* and *The Story of Hannah*. *The House of Dreams* is a vision launched by the imagination into the future state, and is a poetic argument for the immortality of the soul. It contains many passages of unusual beauty and eloquent power. By the way, we noticed that the New York *Press*, through a typographical slip, put over a review of this book the damning headline "A Vision of Immorality!"

❀

Hired Furnished, "being certain economical housekeeping adventures in England," by Margaret B. Wright, is a contribution toward the solution of spending a holiday in England within moderate means. The book is full of practical plans intended to serve practical ends, being drawn from the experiences of the author and her son. "'Hired Furnished' has not been often tried by Americans in rural England. Two at least," says the writer, "of the small number of those who have tried it enthusiastically recommend the plan to those dreamers who are forever 'haunted by the horizon,' and for whom imagination gilds and refines into finer than palaces temporary homes in a foreign land that only ten or twenty dollars a month may hire furnished." It might be worth while for holiday-seekers to consult this timely little book. We understand that it will be published before the end of the month by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

❀

Quite recently the writer was asked twice in one day what he considered the best library edition of the complete works of Thomas Carlyle. The want evinced in these two instances is doubtless one that has been felt for many years by numerous readers and students of literature. This desideratum is now to be supplied by the Centenary Edition which the Messrs. Scribner, in conjunction with Messrs. Chapman and Hall of London, are issuing, six volumes of which are now before us. As the English publishers are the exclusive holders of the original copyrights, it may be expected that this edition of Carlyle's works will be reliable and satisfactory in every respect. It is under the super-

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vision of Mr. H. D. Traill, D.C.L., who contributes a general introduction to the first volume, *Sartor Resartus*, and writes a short preface to the succeeding works. The text is that of the last edition collated and arranged by Carlyle himself; and to the works already collected and published in book form there will be added a volume of essays and minor writings hitherto uncollected and little known. The Centenary Edition, which is being published expressly to meet library needs, will be completed in thirty volumes; the composition and printing are in the hands of the Messrs. Constable, and, notwithstanding the great expenditure involved in using a new font of type printed on a special antique wove paper with illustrations consisting mainly of portraits, and in the case of the histories including maps and plans, the price is only $1.25 per volume. The volumes, neatly and substantially bound, are delightful to handle, and in their clear, bold type are a joy to read. Although the Messrs. Scribner claim to be only importers of this edition, when taken with their excellent editions of Stevenson, Barrie, Field, Kipling, Harold Frederic and others, it will greatly strengthen their reputation for producing popular library editions combining substantial utility and artistic workmanship.

❀

The surroundings of Mr. George Washington Cable, best known as the novelist of the Creoles, are very different to day from those of his early years, for he is a Southerner and spent the best part of his life in New Orleans, where he was for a long time engaged in business. The innumerable opportunities which the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana afford to the novelist were not missed by Mr. Cable, whose delicate art has enshrined the old Creole life in stories of which the North as well as the South may be justly proud. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, in company with Mr. Barrie, visited Mr. Cable in his home in the New England town of Northampton, when they were here last autumn, writes:

"We visited New Orleans and saw the French quarter, which, amid the many changes in other parts of the city, remains practically unaltered. There you may see the house of Madame Delphine, the haunted house, and the scenes of much besides in Mr. Cable's stories. There you may see the French life flowing beside the American, and hardly mingling with it yet. Mr. Cable naturally took the side of the South, and when a mere boy was a Confederate soldier like his brother. They saw much of the war, and Mr Cable was severely wounded. Among his most precious treasures is a collection of letters written by himself and his brother during the war. They are sure to be published some day and to take a prominent place in the literature of the subject."

❀

As is well known, Mr. Cable was early tempted to portray the Creole character, but did not succeed in pleasing the Creoles. Dr. Nicoll had a talk at New Orleans with a lady of long Creole descent, who complained somewhat bitterly of this.

"I replied that to us it seemed that the Creoles Mr. Cable drew were perfectly delightful people, and that if he had underrated their merits they must be the very chosen of the world. She was somewhat propitiated by this, but remained still unsatisfied. A journalist told me that there was something effeminate about the Creole character which Mr. Cable had faithfully rendered, and that the Creoles did not like to have it pointed out. I should have said feminine rather than effeminate, but in any case there should be little reason for complaint. For delicate insight and unerring workmanship there are very few short stories in the English language that approach them. *The Grandissimes* is also a very gay, brilliant and tender book. *Dr. Sevier* is more of a novel with a purpose, but it, too, abounds in fine things, and there is a vein of sweet and serious thought through it all."

❀

Mr. Cable is more than a novelist. He has been from the first an earnest philanthropist, deeply interested in the welfare of his kind. Among his recent undertakings has been the encouragement of home-culture clubs, and it was in behalf of this organisation that the unfortunate *Symposium*, which had a short-lived career, was started. These clubs have done a great deal in America, especially in the country districts, not only for culture, but for the bridging of the gulf between the rich and the poor. It has been already stated that Mr. Cable will visit England in the autumn and give readings from his works, as he has done for a long time in America. He interprets his own writings with consummate ability, and surely no American author is more entitled to, or more assured of, a cordial reception on the other side. Mr. Cable has lately assumed the editorship of *Current Literature*, in which he also conducts an editorial symposium.

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With the exception of a book of short stories which he is now putting together, Mr. Cable has no immediate literary plans for the future. We understand that the Messrs. Scribner are preparing a holiday illustrated edition of *Old Creole Days* for next Christmas. An English edition of *The Grandissimes*, with an introduction by Mr. J. M. Barrie, is also being projected. Mr. Cable and Mr. Barrie met for the first time last autumn, although the latter had been an ardent admirer of Mr. Cable's work ever since he made the acquaintance of *Old Creole Days* some five or six years ago. A warm friendship has sprung up between the two men. The accompanying portrait is reproduced from a photograph taken on the occasion of Mr. Barrie's visit to Mr. Cable and has not been published before.

JAMES M. BARRIE AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

From a photograph taken at Northampton, Mass., last autumn.

During a conversation which the writer had recently with Mr. James Lane Allen upon the literature of the South before and since the war, Mr. Allen expressed admiration for Mr. Cable's magnificent courage in presenting the darker side of slavery—as dark as ever portrayed by Mrs. Stowe. It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he said, that evoked just after the war the moving and vividly picturesque stories dealing with the relations between master and slave. With the view of refuting this Northern novel, the Southern imagination in the main dwelt on the brighter, but no less true, aspects of the old institution. The South was under necessity thus to vindicate itself to the North and to the world. At the same time Southern writers have not flinched from facing the whole truth. "In such stories," said Mr. Allen, "as 'Free Joe and the Rest of the World,' by Mr. Harris, and in the episode of Bras-Coupé in *The Grandissimes*, by Mr. Cable, there are boldly painted once more the gloom and the agony of slavery. And nothing in the literature of the subject—nothing that Mrs. Stowe wrote—has ever risen to the height of compressed tragedy, or been so touched with the vastness of grief, as the fate of Mr. Cable's princely captive and murdered lover. In this story that serene and delicate genius which is found embodied with the flawless grace of a Greek marble in 'Madame Delphine,' plays upon his subject as with the forked lightnings of immortal pity and denunciation." In *Dr. Sevier* Mr. Allen considers that certain larger movements of the war have been

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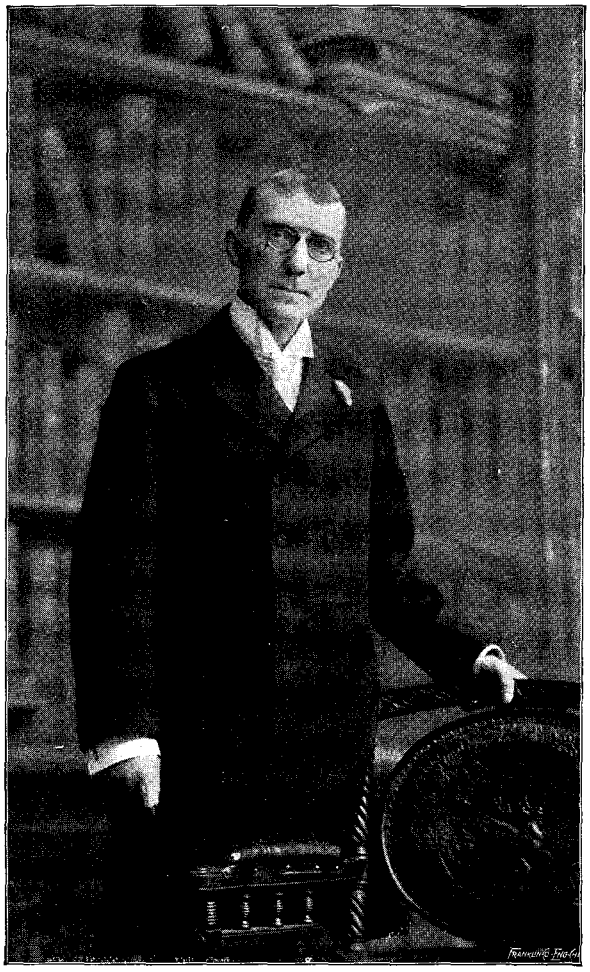

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

handled as nowhere else in American fiction. As Mr. Lecky acknowledges his reliance upon Fielding in his history of European morals, so, says Mr. Allen, will the future historian of the Civil War have to rely upon the story writers of the South for much of his material.

❀

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's charming book of poetry, entitled *A Child-World*, published last Christmas, is already in its thirtieth thousand. Mr. William Dean Howells has very pleasantly said of this volume: "No poet has shown such a passion for the homely and humble things of life, or has dared to portray them with such unshrinking fidelity, such fond and unpatronising tenderness. No one else has conceived so truly, so kindly of children, or has been able to tell us so sweetly what they are. . . . There is no American poet who has done so much as James Whitcomb Riley to divine the familiar America of most Americans, or to reveal the heart of our common life in terms of such universal import and appeal." The portrait which we give of the Hoosier poet is taken from a new photograph, through the courtesy of his publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

❀

A correspondent writes inquiring if "Maxwell Gray" (Miss Mary E. Tuttiett) is dead. Miss Tuttiett has been for many years an invalid; but it was only the other day that we heard of some of her movements, so that she must still be in the land of the living. A portrait and some comments on her career appeared in THE BOOKMAN for March, 1896.

❀

We are in receipt of a book catalogue from Mr. George Gregory, 5 Argyle Street, Bath, Eng., which contains the following startling announcement:

THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED ! !

Special clearance of about THREE TONS' WEIGHT of

SURPLUS MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

Ancient and Modern, comprising Theology, Biography, Medical, Travels, Old Novels, Magazines, and Books in all Classes of Literature. As I am in urgent need of the ware-room in which this large quantity is at present stored, I have determined to clear them by weight, at following prices, securely packed and placed on rail free of charge (purchaser pays carriage),

1 cwt. for 20/, 5 cwt. for £4, or a sample half cwt. for 10/6.

If not approved money returned.

The original cost of these books must have been from 20 to 40 times this money. I can assure purchasers it is not *selling them* but *giving them away* at this price.

Owing to the large increase of my business in the purchase of libraries, I am enabled to sell with this collection heaps of books which many bookmen catalogue separately. There is no waste paper with this collection—all bound

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books and in good second-hand condition. I will guarantee purchasers shall be satisfied.

Shipping Agents, Masters of Ships, etc., SHOULD SEIZE ON THIS OFFER WITH AVIDITY. Any Small Shopkeeper in country towns and villages would easily TREBLE THE MONEY spent on 5 cwt. of the above books and then have a lot left, which he could present to a Public Library ! !

Comment is unnecessary.

❀

The Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish at once a new novel entitled *The Eye of Istar*, by Mr. William Le Queux, author of *Zoraida*. Like his previous story, this new romance deals with an unexplored region in Africa, the plot being based upon a curious legend that has been current for centuries among the "veiled men," the Tuaregs, who are at the present moment a terror to all travellers in the Western Soudan. The author himself heard the legend related in the desert town of Insalah. Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company have just published a novel of London life by Mr. Le Queux called *Devil's Dice*. The author is at present living in Nice, where he is engaged upon a new work dealing with the diplomatic circles of Paris and St. Petersburg, which is to bear the Biblical title *Whoso Findeth a Wife*. The fourteenth edition of this writer's *Great War in England in 1897* has just been issued in England. The accompanying portrait is taken from his latest photograph.

Yours very sincerely
William Le Queux

❀

Many seem to have heard only yesterday for the first time of the existence of such a person as Maurus Jókai, and yet he has written some hundred and fifty novels during the last half century in Hungary, where he occupies an enviable position in the eyes of his countrymen. His fame there has been largely augmented through gratitude for his political services and admiration for his unfailing intellectual vigour. Although some of his romances found their way into English through the cheap pirated press some years ago, it was only last year

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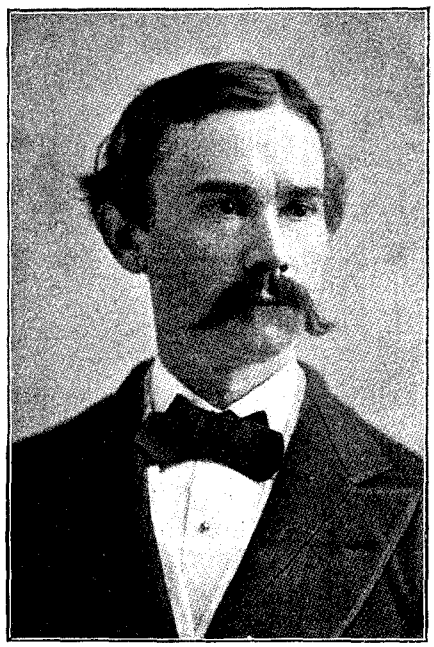
that Messrs. Harper and Brothers published *Black Diamonds* in a creditable book form (in the Odd Number Series), and now they have just issued in uniform style *The Green Book*. The Messrs. Putnam have also published in their Hudson Li-



COLONEL HAY IN 1871

brary a translation of *Eyes Like the Sea*, with a brief preface by the translator, Mr. R. Nisbet Bain. Jókai has begun to be interviewed by English journalists, and articles are appearing dealing with his career in literature and politics, so that we shall soon have further translations of this voluminous romancer, rivalled in fertility by none save Dumas.

❀

A correspondent has sent us a copy of the first edition of Colonel John Hay's *Pike County Ballads*, which he had the good fortune to pick up in a bookstore recently. On the back of the title-page of this volume there is pasted an unmounted photograph of Colonel Hay as he probably appeared when this book was published by Messrs. James R. Osgood and Company, in 1871. We reproduce the photograph, which will no doubt be interesting to many of our readers at the present time.

❀

Speaking of Colonel John Hay, Mrs. Moulton told the writer the other day that her poem, "The House of Death," originated in a passage which occurs in Colonel Hay's *Castilian Days*. The author describes how in Spain it is a prevalent custom for people, when one of the family dies, to close up the house, leaving their beloved dead alone until the time of interment, the only person usually visiting the house during this period being the chief mourner. Mrs. Moulton's poem has been quoted so often and is so well known that a reference need only be made to it to show how exquisitely she has wrought this theme into one of the most beautiful poems she has ever written.

❀

That striking and picturesque arraignment of the powers that be, entitled *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*, by Coulson Kernahan, reached its fiftieth thousand in England last month.

❀

After two years' soaring and singing, Mr. Gelett Burgess has abandoned what has proved to be, from a literary point of view, one of the most interesting and readable of the "fad" magazines, and has gone into the publishing business in company with his colleague, Mr. Bruce Porter. Some account of the *Lark* and a portrait of Mr. Burgess appeared in these columns last September. We understand that Mr. Burgess intends visiting New York very soon. Mr. Burgess has shown great sagacity in stopping the *Lark* just in time, for the nature of the publication was like that of the lark itself, unforced and spontaneous, and as soon as it threatened to become a bit of legitimate journalism its doom was sealed. While on this topic we may say that when Mr. Bliss Carman in conjunction with Mr. Stone originated the *Chap-Book* it did not enter into the plan of the former to continue the publication of that magazine for longer than a year. Had this been done the *Chap-Book* would have become a rare prize for collectors, and would not have lived long enough to lose its original interest and become merged in the ordinary ranks of journalism.

❀

There is a sort of fame that comes to an author in having some of his say-

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ings quoted in the work of another. It is no fly in the amber we have in mind, but the nonsense verse that made the first number of the *Lark* far-famed within a few weeks of its publication :

" I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one ;
But this I'll tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

One of the characters in *The Descendant*, a novel of unusual power and characterisation recently published by the Harpers, is made to quote these lines with a grave humour to the accompaniment of "an almost inaudible tattoo upon the window-pane with the fingers of one hand." A few pages further on in the same book the "descendant" himself buys a copy of *The King in Yellow*, by Mr. Robert Chambers, and the following words staring at him from the page of one of the stories—

" He said : ' For whom do you wait ? '
" And I answered : ' When she comes I shall know her.' "

are used to "stagger him with the suddenness of a blow," and to arouse him to a sense of manhood. But the funny part of it all is that by one of those tricks of mental aberration, which the absorption of one idea to the exclusion of all sense of time will sometimes beget, the story moves on at least eight years after this has happened. Now the *Lark* is only two years old, and *The King in Yellow* was published just three years ago !

❀

Nowadays when successful novels are being turned into popular plays, we are surprised that so far no rumour has reached us of any intention to dramatise *The Sowers*. Upon reading it over again the other day, it struck us with more force than ever that here was a novel that not only yielded distinct characterisation and thrilling dramatic situations, but which in the hands of a dramatist like Sardou would make a play of a very high order. The part of the Princess Alexis is admirably suited to the art of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Indeed, as one reads one gets the impression of a play with its successive curtain climaxes working up to a grand *dénouement*. *The Sowers* is undoubtedly one of the most dramatic novels that have been written in some years.

Professor William P. Trent, whose *Southern Statesmen* was reviewed in our last issue, was born at Richmond, Va., in 1862, and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1884. He attended the Johns Hopkins University in

WILLIAM P. TRENT.

1887–88, and was elected Professor of English and History at the University of the South in 1888, becoming its Dean in 1894. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner chose him as a Southern critic to write the life of William Gilmore Simms for the American Men of Letters Series. His scholarly and readable biography appeared in 1892, and in the same year Professor Trent started the quarterly *Sewanee Review*. He has also edited Milton's minor poems for Longman's "English Classics" and several essays of Macaulay for the Riverside Literature Series. He is understood to have a volume of literary and political essays in preparation for publication next winter.

❀

About two years ago we had occasion to welcome a new writer, Mr. S. Levett

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Yeats, as the author of *The Honour of Savelli*, which, in spite of its romantic interest—tantamount to that of *A Gentleman of France*, which indeed it resembles, though written (but not published) earlier—has failed to receive a recog-

S. LEVETT YEATS.

nition worthy of its merits. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have just published a new book of his containing two Indian stories whose appearance is timely, in view of the interest in India reawakened by Mrs. Steel's novel. That Mr. Yeats, like Mrs. Steel and Mr. Kipling, is qualified to write of Indian life from personal observation and experience is attested by the fact that he is a lieutenant in the Punjab Light Horse, and his father fills a government position in Bombay. The title of the book is *A Galahad of the Creeks*, the other story is called "The Widow Lamport."

❀

Messrs. Service and Paton of London are preparing a new edition of Hawthorne's romances, which will contain introductions by Mr. Moncure D. Conway. The edition will be printed by the Messrs. Constable, and will be profusely illustrated, and very beautifully bound. It will be the handsomest edition of Hawthorne that has appeared in England. It is expected that the first volume will be published immediately.

❀

We hear on good authority that the new selection of poems by Mr. George Meredith will contain some hitherto unpublished pieces. He has been writing some lines about Napoleon, for whom Mr. Meredith's friends say that he entertains a great enthusiasm.

❀

Miss Mary E. Wilkins's famous story "A Humble Romance" was dramatised by Mrs. George Macdonald, the wife of the distinguished novelist, under the name of *Arcadia in a Tin-cart*, and acted in Bordighera during Easter week by members of the Macdonald family and others. Dr. George Macdonald read some of Browning's lyrics between the acts. His new novel, *Salted with Fire*, which was recently announced to appear from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, will not be published until the autumn. It takes the reader back to those earlier scenes and characters of Scottish life that made the author so popular as a novelist.

❀

The Beauties of Marie Corelli! This is the title of a volume of extracts from Miss Corelli's published writings which has been prepared by one of her admirers and, having received the sanction of the author, has just been published by Mr. George Redway of London.

❀

Within a few days Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company will publish an historical novel by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The title, *A Son of the Old Dominion*, indicates at once the subject matter; and it is with a curious interest that we await the work of one in this field who is descended from the colonial stock of the Fairfax and Cary families, and whose sources in this novel, we understand, are largely old family documents. *A Son of the Old Dominion* covers the period of

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the birth of the Republic in 1774, and also the episode in Virginia known as Lord Dunmore's War. A little over two years ago the writer, in the course of a chat with Mrs. Harrison, received a darkling hint of her purpose—indeed the novel has been long projected and nursed by the author. We recall the fact, too, that Mrs. Harrison's historical sketches of Virginian affairs, notably "A Centennial Lady," contributed to the *Century Magazine*, mark the beginning of her literary career. From an interesting paper of reminiscences which Mrs. Harrison contributed to THE BOOKMAN in April, 1895, called "A Visit to Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie," we reprint a few extracts, which not only enlighten us regarding the sources of Mrs. Harrison's inspiration and material, but also throw some light on the genesis of *The Virginians*.

"In a chat about *The Virginians*, I told Mrs. Ritchie that, upon coming to the age to appreciate certain old tawny manuscripts belonging to family records, I had been haunted by the feeling that, before writing his history of George and Harry Warrington, their dear old grandfather and the fiery little mother, Mr. Thackeray must in some way have acquired the contents of those sheets. But this, I knew, could not have been the case, and so I continued to be perplexed until, in conversation in 1868 with the late William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, Thackeray's dear friend, Mr. Reed said he could himself throw some light upon the subject.

"This gentleman, an accomplished historiographer and *littérateur*, who wrote one of the most charming of the published reminiscences of Thackeray, was thoroughly imbued with the romantic and picturesque aspects of the relations some Virginian families long bore to England before and after our Revolutionary War. He mentioned the Fairfaxes as conspicuous examples, and cited the coming of the sixth Lord Fairfax from England, after a disappointment in love, to end his days in the Virginian wilderness, where, after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he died loyal to the Crown, but still on affectionate terms with his friend George Washington. He spoke particularly of the return to England in 1775, to take possession of patrimonial acres in Yorkshire, of young George William Fairfax, who married Sally Cary, of Virginia, and had been bred on the plantation upon the Potomac, where George Washington was his comrade in an intimacy not interrupted even by the war itself; and he recalled various other bits of Fairfax and Cary family history and of old-time gossip that lend colour to Thackeray's romance

"Of these, with many other details of American life in colonial and Revolutionary times, Mr. Reed said he had repeatedly talked with Thackeray, as they sat over their wine on occasions during the latter's visit to the United States, when *The Virginians* was conceived. Mr. Reed added that although the author, with his quick eye for dramatic effect, had selected the incident of the crossed swords in Mr. Prescott's study in Boston as the immediate inspiring cause of the story, he loved to think Thackeray had also taken some of the material for one of his most successful novels from those friendly chats with him."

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A NOTE ON MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

James Lane Allen

"Kentucky," wrote Mr. Allen of his native State some six years ago, "has little or no literature." But in these words was an augury of hope and promise. Silently and without observation there stole above the horizon a new light, a light that made the darkness visible to itself, but which heralded the dawn. "When afar you rose" was there

"one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star?"

The slumbering reverberations of the accumulated years during which man had been engaged in the fierce conflict with Nature in the wilderness of Kentucky, wresting from the forest a foothold for that civilisation which has been reared on the common hunting ground of savage man and beast, fell unheeded on dull ears, until, passing into the parson's magic flute, they were made to reissue as music, and life was all retouched again. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." As if in that plaint of the poet, "Kentucky has little or no literature," the disembodied soul of the historic past had caught the accent of invitation and had found a shrine where the spirit of poesy is at home, there floated into the silence the silvery sweet and penetrating notes of *Flute and Violin*, which "haunt the heart and will not let it rest," with a piercing cadence of immemorial pain like Ariel crying to the winds out of the compression of the pine tree. The "choir invisible" of Kentucky had at last found a voice in literature.

Very significant and indicative of the development of the author's own work in this initial volume is the description, kissed as it were by the zephyrs of dawn, of those first low, peculiar notes which the parson blew on his flute—

"such as a kind and faithful shepherd might blow at nightfall as an invitation for his scattered wandering sheep to gather home about him. . . . Perhaps it was a way he had of calling in the disordered flock of his faculties:"

And when they have all answered to his musical roll-call, and have taken their due places within the fold of his brain, obedient, attentive, the flute is laid aside; the student has entered upon his long labours. When we come next in succession to Mr. Allen's work we find in it an easy mastery, an airy free-

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dom, a waywardness of movement as of one who is now at ease in Zion, who is

"Past Thymiaterion in calméd bays."

In *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath* the coy spirit of genius has been wooed and won, she has become "mine own familiar friend." Here, too, the shyness of the passionate lover of Nature has worn off, the artist does not stand aloof from his work, but is more in sympathy with it, and has gained confidence to bare his passion to the world, albeit with a tender, reverential feeling. "The simple, rural key-note of life is still the sweetest," he had written in the opening pages of *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky*; and it is this note which, played on the pipes of Pan in ever-recurring and fresh variations, yields the sweetest music, and touched with the breath of his passion for Nature is transmuted into those "invisible flowers of sound" which lie pressed between his pages.

In *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, which are related as the first and second parts of one book, though published separately, we see also the tide of human life begin to flow; it surges and foams with rocking passion in *Summer in Arcady*, his next book; and in his newly published work, *The Choir Invisible*, the waters sleep at flood, while the tumult of passion and pain rushes hither and thither among the undercurrents. That mystic, ascetic ideality which casts a pallor of glory over the ghost of the past in *Flute and Violin* is flushed with warm life, and becomes intimate in the company of flesh and blood in his successive books; truth, still poetic in its imaginative handling, is divested of its cloistral robes and is carried alive into the heart by passion. Poetry, "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," according to Wordsworth, "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"—that poetry, irrespective of rhyme and metrical arrangement which is as immortal as the heart of man, is distinctive in Mr. Allen's work from the first written page. Like Minerva issuing full-formed from the head of Jove, Mr. Allen issues from his long years of silence and seclusion a perfect master of his art—unfailing in its inspiration, unfaltering in its classic accent. What toil and discipline of mind and heart are hidden in those preparatory years we know but little: we do know that not until the bright wand of the ideal which transfigures life and shames it out of its ordinariness was within his firm grasp, did he allow his work to go abroad. But more than art does life need the gift of waiting; art may tell the tale to posterity, but it is the years that furnish the substance, and shoot the soul into the perfectly moulded form. The waters of life rise slowly on their banks, swelling with the great tides of emotion that flow in from the sea of human experience, lying on the confines of eternity, and fretted by the shores of time. So that when we arrive at *The Choir Invisible* we find there a ripeness of matured thought, an insight into the moral depths of passion, an entrance into the larger, deeper movements of life, a realising power, a broader sense of humour, as well as humour itself, a concentrated and universal human interest; all of which is not so much the result of finer art as of a greater absorption of life, which comes not from more knowledge, but from more wisdom. *The Choir Invisible* is like an inward realisation of the "Domain of Arnheim!" More than in his other books there rests upon this work that unembarrassed calm, where truth sits Jove-like "on the quiet seats above the thunder," where the spirit is dignified, is priestlike and inspired, where beauty dwells in a harmony of thought and expression that subdues and haunts us. In short, in *The Choir Invisible* Mr. Allen has come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty burn as one fire, shine as one light, which, as Sidney Lanier has demonstrated, denotes the great artist. *The Choir Invisible* undeniably places its author among the foremost in American letters. Indeed, we venture to say that it would be difficult to recall any other novel since *The Scarlet Letter* that has touched the same note of greatness, or given to one section of our national life, as Hawthorne's classic did to another, a voice that is far beyond singing.

A word, however, about Mr. Allen's *Summer in Arcady* which precedes this, and was published a year ago subsequent to *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*. In these two books Nature was interwoven benignantly with the human

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nature resting on her bosom, leading her lover, Adam Moss, with gentle influences to the human lover, and when bereft of human love, receiving him back into her healing arms. Not so in *Summer in Arcady;* the sunlight that brooded in calm over the forces of Nature that nursed Adam Moss's latent powers of loving into domestic serenity, rouses the fierce claw and tooth of Nature to drag Hilary and Daphne down to her level. As clearly as the poet saw that "all's Love, yet all's Law," so clearly is the same truth held in these stories with their divergent ends. The lawlessness of Nature is the lawlessness of man, untempered and ungoverned by that principle of chastity which is the law of love; and again Nature, lawless in herself, becomes beneficent, law-abiding, when controlled by that higher law of instinct in man which is the seal and sign of the Divine upon his soul. Without moralising, a moral principle is at work in *Summer in Arcady;* it is its vital distinction that over the whole action reigns a moral simplicity which, like sunlight, licks up the fœtid, the exciting, the sickening, uncertain torch-flames of passion. And in order to point the way to a full justification of the author's sincerity and moral purpose against the charge of pandering to a decadent taste for the "downward-tending" fiction of the hour, it will be sufficient to show that the plea for the Divine supremacy of goodness, and for an unfallen purity in man and woman, has never been more strongly urged in modern fiction than in *The Choir Invisible.* If in *Summer in Arcady* there were readers who were troubled by the summer lightning of passion that incessantly fluttered in its bosom and threatened a bolt from the blue, their fears will be laid to rest in the contemplation of Mr. Allen's new work which is pervaded by an intense summer calm—the brooding calm of the Country of the Spirit—but which does not preclude, rather is reached through, the fierce fightings of the human spirit for victory over the evil passions of human nature—the fiercest struggle that can rend asunder the human breast, that of holding fast the integrity and purity of manhood and womanhood, at any cost. And as Emerson says, "Wherever there are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger, and woe, and love—there is Beauty."

The following passage from a paper by Mr. Allen on "The Gentleman in American Fiction," which appeared in these pages some months ago, may fitly bring this note on his work to a close:

> "A writer stands to his work as a mason to his wall: they keep the same level; they rise together. True, a man may be far above the plane of his characters and write down to them; but he cannot be far below the plane of his characters and write up to them."

Or, as Browning puts it,

> "Measure the mind's height by the shadow it casts."

James MacArthur.

AUGURY.

Before the dawn, 'tis light,
If Hope the vigil keep;
Before the noontide, night,
If Woe, despairing, weep:
The Future 'tis that shows
What now the Present knows.

John B. Tabb.

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A NOVEL OF FEMININE PSYCHOLOGY.*

M. Marcel Prévost is a very interesting figure in the contemporaneous records of French literature. Making his first appearance as an author only seven or eight years ago with two not very successful books, he has since then reached the position of a writer whose popularity places him among the very first of Parisian novelists. His books run into forty, fifty, or sixty editions within a few months of their first publication; and they have at last become a topic of discussion in England, where Mr. Andrew Lang has lately been considering their author's merits; while the only one that has as yet been rendered into English was published in this country a little more than a year ago.

M. Prévost did not have long to wait for critical recognition—a fact that in itself bears striking testimony to the character of his literary workmanship; for in a country where the level of artistic excellence is so very high and where the critics, as a matter of duty, look coldly upon the productions of a young and aspiring writer who has still to show that he possesses something more than superficial cleverness and certain interesting tricks of style, it is not easy to attract the serious notice of a literary Rhadamanthus. M. Prévost's third novel, however, *Mlle. Jaufre*, which appeared in 1890, gained at once the attention of no less an authority than Jules Lemaître, who praised the book most warmly in his *Impressions Littéraires;* while *La Confession d'un Amant*, which was published in the following year, broke through even the austere reserve with which M. Ferdinand Brunetière regards contemporary writers, and forced from him a cautiously uttered though very genuine note of admiration. *L'Automne d'une Femme*, a subtle study of the woman whose *grande passion* comes to her only after the age of thirty years, deepened the impression made by its immediate predecessors. Then followed M. Prévost's first great popular success in two volumes of short stories, entitled respectively *Lettres de Femmes* and *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes*, which had an immense and instantaneous vogue, as did a somewhat similar collection entitled *Notre Compagne*, whose fortieth edition was announced within three months after the volume first saw the light.

A writer who in eight short years has won alike the commendation of the critics and the attention of the public is certainly deserving of some serious consideration. His own countrymen have compared him with George Sand and with M. Paul Bourget; and there are, indeed, some striking points of close resemblance in his work to that of these two writers; but in each case the comparison, in part at least, does something less than justice to M. Prévost. His style, indeed, has much in common with the style of Mme. Dudevant. It has her great facility and charm; and, too, her literary watchword "idealise, idealise," is also his, as he himself declared not very long ago: but with him this fluency does not, as hers did, pass into fluidity, while the touch of ideality is never for an instant suffered to obscure that clear impression of the actual which is as well sustained by him as by the stoutest champions of realism. For his conception of idealism makes it to be not so much a thing apart from real life and quite beyond it, as an essential feature of that life itself. Thus, in a paper on Romanticism, he asserts for the Romantic a lasting place in the sum of human life, a place in close association with the sphere of the emotions, of the passions, and of the imagination. And in this he is far wiser than Mr. Howells for instance, who, while kindly granting to the Romantic an actual existence in our psychical and even in our material experience, does hold it to be so utterly exceptional as to rule it out of literary use and make it only the rouge and raddle of a meretricious art—a view of which, we think, each human life, if fully known, could prove the falsity.

No less injustice is, in our opinion, done by any hard and fast comparison of M. Prévost's work with that of M. Paul Bourget. Both writers are extremely psychological, but with a dif-

* Le Jardin Secret. Par Marcel Prévost. 51ème édition. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. Fr. 3.50.

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ference. M. Bourget is psychological and little else. His novels, while their exposition of conflicting motives is most curiously keen, and while he can pursue it through all its convolutions and tortuous complications, are nevertheless, or rather for this very reason, at times distinctly tedious. They often seem almost to have the character of laboratory demonstrations, and one's head often aches as he labours through their fine-spun mazes of analysis. But M. Prévost, while also very subtle, does not make his psychological studies so portentous nor spin them out to such a grievous length. He rather, by a few masterly and incisive touches, throws a vivid light into the very heart of a situation, reveals as by a flash a mental attitude, and thus accomplishes whatever M. Bourget can accomplish with all his slow accumulation of detail. It may be that M. Bourget's psychology is more profound ; but it is certain that M. Prévost's is much better held in hand, and that his use of it is far more consonant with literary art. It helps, in other words, his purpose ; it does not constitute that purpose. It is with him a means and not an end.

In fact, if we were asked to name a modern writer as being one to whom M. Prévost is in his workmanship most closely kin, we should unhesitatingly choose Guy de Maupassant. M. Prévost possesses the same swift, definite, and unerring manner, the same compactness, the same muscular grasp upon his material, the same deft touch and lucid presentation. Yet here, again, one must at once begin to qualify. In spite of a most striking superficial likeness, the spirit of the two is not the same. M. de Maupassant was saturated with the joyless pessimism of modern France. His cynical acceptance of the darkest side of life as wholly normal, his torturing, agonising hopelessness, the moral gloom of his horizon, the grim despair that, as one reads his work, sinks down upon the heart like an overpowering weight—all these are alien to the pages of Marcel Prévost. For he is not, in many of his moods, a Frenchman of the modern school, but rather a reversion to an earlier type, the Frenchman of the sixteenth century, the *gaillard*, the gay adventurer, witty and gallant, convinced that he is wholly irresistible, and with a roguish eye wide open for some *bonne fortune*. This spirit is most clearly seen in his short stories, than which no better illustration of the *esprit Gaulois* can be found ; and here the temperamental contrast and also the stylistic likeness are most readily observed. Nor can one say, in opposition to this view, that Maupassant has also lighter moods and even moments of true tenderness, as shown respectively in *La Patronne*, that most audacious story of a young *étudiant de droit*, and in *Le Père de Simon*. For the difference lies just here : when Maupassant is simply droll or simply tender, he is not really at his best, while Prévost is. The finest work of Maupassant is never seen in tales like these, but in such bits of concentrated cynicism as *Un Sage* and *Boule de Suif ;* while Prévost's genius is most happy in those witty and ingenious tales of which *La Médaille* and *La Nuit de Raymonde* are typical illustrations ; and when he takes a turn at cynicism he is distinctly ill at ease and less artistic.

A critical comparison of the novels of the two will lead one to the same conclusion. Take, for example, Maupassant's powerful but quite repulsive *Bel Ami* and read it side by side with Prévost's *L'Automne d'une Femme*. In *Bel Ami* is shown a world of absolute and utter baseness, a world of prostitutes and scoundrels. Not one of all its characters is anything but vile, from the hero of the book (a sorry hero) to the nymphomaniac Clotilde de Marelle, and Mme. Walter, and her sly, precocious daughter Suzanne. This unrelieved depravity, as Mr. Henry James has pointed out, is really inartistic ; for the very effect which the writer apparently desires to produce would have been more strikingly attained had he availed himself of the aid of contrast and drawn his darkest figures on a lighter background ; and furthermore, the mind instinctively revolts from the inherent falsity of such a picture, feeling at once that if mankind and womankind had really sunk so low as this, society could not be held together for a single day.

Far different is the moral and artistic attitude of M. Prévost in *L'Automne d'une Femme*. It may be said that this fine novel, by far the best its author has produced, is one whose story is extremely sad ; and this is true. But sadness is a thing far different from horror and despair ; and neither horror

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nor despair finds any place in the melancholy half-light of this searching study. It tells, to summarise it very briefly, of a charming and pure-minded woman, Julie Surgère, married, or rather sold, as a young girl to a repellent brute who presently is stricken by a strange disease that makes of him a living corpse. The years go on, and at last the son of one of her husband's partners, Maurice Artoy, a young man, crosses her path. She nurses him through an illness, and insensibly drifts into a tender and self-sacrificing love for him, a love that is her first. But she is older than he, and in time he is attracted by the fresher beauty of a young girl, Claire Esquier, the daughter of another partner, and an inmate of her own home. The elder woman, who is fond of Claire, and who sees that Maurice every day is growing colder, renounces him and all her dreams of happiness, and lets him marry her unconscious rival, while she herself suffers in silence and looks forward to a life of sorrow and self-abnegation. The treatment of this theme is the antithesis of anything that can be found in Maupassant. The hero of the book, Maurice Artoy, is, to be sure, as disagreeable as any of Maupassant's creations. He is a sentimental sensualist, and, if possible, is more repulsive even than Georges Duroy in *Bel Ami*—Duroy the thorough-paced blackguard, the sublimation of a type that finds its genesis in the *maquereau* of the Faubourg St. Antoine. But Artoy's baseness and his selfishness serve only to bring out in strong relief the truth and beauty of the other characters —of Claire, the innocent young girl, her father Jean Esquier, the soul of honour and fidelity, and Julie Surgère herself, loving wrongfully, indeed, but with a love which is more than half maternal, and whose sacrifice consigns her to a life of sorrow that expiates her fault. There is passion here, and there is sin; but there are also remorse and repentance and an infinite tenderness. Nothing could be more admirable than the self-restraint with which M. Prévost has managed the development of the theme, and nothing more delicate than the art that finds expression in this novel, which as the study of a love outworn need not avoid comparison with George Sand's great masterpiece *Lucrezia Floriani*.

From what has now been said it can be readily inferred what are the leading qualities that give M. Prévost his marked distinction: a nearly perfect style, a very subtle insight into all the workings of the human mind, and a touch of ideality that differentiates his work from that of the uncompromising realists who ignore the one thing that is wanting to breathe life into their creations and make them truly vital and convincing. His minor literary virtues are equally conspicuous. Some one has said of the modern pessimistic school in fiction, whose foremost representative to-day is Gabriele D'Annunzio, that they are afraid to be amusing; and to this generalisation M. Prévost is a most agreeable exception. A rare and irresistible drollery abounds in nearly all his lesser fiction; and even his most cynical tales are lightened and relieved by a brilliant wit that is very far to seek in most of his contemporaries. His ingenuity and intellectual dexterity are also most surprising; so that one's breath is often taken quite away by the unexpectedness and audacity of his invention. Sometimes, again, he touches on the sphere of the mysterious and occult, and then his art recalls the art of Poe, as in *La Demoiselle au Chat d'Or*, a translation of which by the present writer was published in THE BOOKMAN last December.

It must, of course, be understood that what has just been said of M. Prévost's work is said of what is best in all that work. He has undoubtedly at times sunk far below his higher level, and has put his name to things that bear the marks of unadulterated mediocrity. Two general criticisms have been levelled at him and may very briefly be considered here. The first is one that equally applies to Maupassant and many others of the writers of French fiction. The very French and, to an Anglo-Saxon mind, unpardonable freedom that he often gives himself in his selection of a theme, makes many of his works, and nearly all his shorter stories, quite impossible for any but a Frenchman to admire without a qualm. With him the *conte leste* touches on the very limits of audacity and unreserve; and even the most hardened reader of contemporary continental fiction is sometimes startled by the unexpected daring of his fancy.

Yet this much may at least be said in his behalf. He never, like M. de Mau-

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passant, descends to any coarseness or offensiveness of phrase, but writes invariably in language whose discretion and extraordinary delicacy in part redeem his subject from that grossness and offensiveness which in the hands of any purely naturalistic writer it would certainly possess. In all that he has published, not a single page exists so thoroughly detestable as Maupassant's *La Femme de Paul*, of which the hideous brutality is fitly matched by its inartistic crudity of treatment. In Prévost's little story called *Au Cabaret* the same theme is just touched upon, yet the difference in the handling is remarkable. The underlying thought is one that no Anglo-Saxon would ever for a moment dream of using as the basis of a story; but in Prévost's hands it is a mere suggestion rather than a boldly voiced *motif;* and the tale itself, in spite of its essential impropriety, leaves on the mind no lingering taint, but rather, by the artful use of contrast, a strong impression of the power of innocence and of the lurking good that lingers somewhere even in the loathliest. And so in all his work there can be found a glimpse, a hint, of something better, a certain humanity and warmth that save the writer and the reader, too, from an unmitigated cynicism. Nor should one fail to note that some of his most perfect writing is morally impeccable. He has written several short stories that are as pure in thought as they are exquisite in literary finish, and these display, as in a drop of crystal, all his finest gifts—his power of compression, his unerring insight into character, his humour, his sympathy, and his moving pathos.

Besides the censure of the moralist, however, M. Prévost has often had to meet another criticism which, from the artistic point of view, is far more serious. Not long ago the present writer said to a distinguished critic who had spoken rather slightingly of Prévost's work:

"What is the real reason for your prejudice against Prévost? Why will you not admit his right to rank with Maupassant?"

And he replied:

"Because I feel that Maupassant is quite sincere and that Prévost is not."

This confident assertion of his "insincerity" is rather common among the critics of Prévost, though less, we think, in France than in this country, where it has almost become a formula. It rests, in our opinion, wholly on a desultory and imperfect knowledge of his writings. In the case of the critic who has just been quoted, a further conversation showed that he had never read a single one of Prévost's longer novels, nor even all his shorter stories; and he very frankly said that his opinion was very largely the result of some casual conversation with Prévost himself. How thoroughly unfair is any judgment formed in such a fashion, one scarcely needs to say. As a matter of fact, this unfavourable opinion in general is chiefly due to the bad impression produced by a single novel of Prévost's, *Les Demi-Vierges*. It is, indeed, unfortunate that of all his writings this is the only one that has been rendered into English. It is still more unfortunate that he ever wrote it at all; for it is entirely unworthy of his genius. A bit of pure sensationalism and distorted psychology, untrue to life and quite offensive in its treatment, it shows the writer at his very worst and strikes a thoroughly discordant note. Whoever judges him by this may readily be pardoned for ranking him with writers like Adolphe Belot and Paul Ginisty; but surely no serious criticism of a literary artist ought ever to be made to rest upon the reading of a single book.

The latest novel that M. Prévost has written has a very special interest. Of all his works this is the one that from the very moment of its publication met a perfectly respectful treatment at the critics' hands, and it may, we think, be styled the most important work of fiction that the French have given us this year. It had in France, of course, the great advantage of being the first long novel written by its author since his literary gifts were generally recognised; but quite apart from this, it well deserves a careful study; and we think that from some points of view its interest is even greater for an English or an American reader than for the fellow-countrymen of its creator.

Its story is narrated by one Mme. Marthe Lecoudrier, who is its central figure. She is the wife of Jean Lecoudrier, the head of a department in a banking-house, Le Crédit Commercial, and hence the story has to do with the life and the environment of the *bour-*

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geoisie médiocre. At the commencement of the novel, M. Lecoudrier has left her for a few days' visit to his early home, Ingrandes, where his uncle has just died and willed him a small property. The wife, sitting alone throughout the evening, in her apartment, with her little daughter sleeping quietly in an adjoining room, falls into a reminiscent mood, and for the first time in many years begins to summon up the recollections of her girlhood, of *la Marthe d'autrefois*, a girl ambitious, eager for a brilliant career, hopeful of a literary, and ultimately of a social, triumph. As she recalls her past, she smiles at the contrast afforded by her present life, the life of a *bonne bourgeoise*, satisfied with a humdrum existence and with long, uneventful days of peace and commonplace contentment. Presently her eye falls upon a drawer of her husband's desk from which a bunch of keys projects. Without much purpose she opens it and half mechanically turns over a packet of papers which the drawer contains. At once her attention is arrested. With a beating heart she unties the packet and finds in it the evidence of a secret whose existence she had never dreamed of. It holds a number of photographs, a bunch of artificial flowers from a woman's hat, letters signed with the names of women quite unknown to her, a child's portrait, and finally a bundle of government securities to the value of thirty thousand francs or more, from which the coupons have been regularly cut. A careful reading of the letters and an examination of the other articles lead her irresistibly to certain definite conclusions: that her husband has been for years untrue to her, that he has somewhere another child, and that unknown to her he has set apart a sum of money whose income is devoted to the purposes of the other life that he has lived apart from her. But there is even more to be inferred than this. A number of letters from Ingrandes, written apparently by a confidential servant, give her reasons for believing that her husband's family is one afflicted by a tendency to epilepsy; and she recalls with a thrill of horror certain mysterious seizures that he has sometimes suffered from, and that have once or twice already appeared in her own young child. Her heart dies within her as she sits down to consider the revelation that has come to her. She has been deceived in every possible way in which a woman can be duped, and for the moment she is stunned. A terrible feeling of despair comes over her, followed by a flaming fever of indignation. Yet may she not be quite mistaken? May there not be, after all, an explanation possible that will be quite consistent with her husband's truth and constancy? When morning comes she hurries to an agency which gives *renseignements intimes particuliers dans l'intérêt des familles*—in other words, a sort of private detective-bureau. To its chief she confides the compromising packet and asks for *informations discrètes*. An immediate and absolute divorce is in her mind, and she waits in a state of almost unendurable impatience for the confirmation of the apparent facts, and for the evidence that will set her free from a man so stained with treachery. For the moment a dumb, helpless rage inspires her—a passionate longing for revenge. Soon, however, when another day has dragged along, a strong reaction comes upon her, a physical lassitude, a sort of moral cowardice resulting from an exhausting waste of energy.

"I feel like letting everything just go, without taking the trouble to set matters right, without saying a word to my husband, without doing a single thing. . . . For a woman nearly forty years of age to leave her home like one of Ibsen's heroines, just because she has been deceived—this really seems to me, at three o'clock in the afternoon, somewhat absurd. For the first time I consider the question of remaining, with all the conscious superiority which my knowledge of Jean's secrets would give me—remaining, in fact, for my revenge. A sort of nerveless indecision has got hold of me. The thing is wholly in my hands—the household need not be upset; nothing need be changed in what Goethe's Egmont calls 'the amicable habits of one's life.' And, after all, this life with Jean would be endurable."

For the first time she begins to realise how wonderfully close, how almost irrefragable are the ties which years of married life can weave; how all the little incidents and intimacies of the home, the myriad interests that man and wife possess in common, the very sight of one another day after day for years, establish a powerful habit, and constitute a bond almost impossible to break.

"And, therefore, even the association of two beings who are quite indifferent to one another may come to be with the help of time an affectionate and lasting union of two souls united in reality. . . . For it is not the words of the marriage service that constitute the essence of true

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marriage, nor is it even mutual love, when that exists; for words are only of the lips, and love may really be the negation of a marriage. A man and a woman are truly married only when they have become, through the influence of their life together, *kindred*, as when two persons are allied by blood. When the wife has become to the husband that sister of whom the Canticle makes mention, then only is the marriage truly consummated. This mystical process lies in a gradual transformation of which neither of the pair has any consciousness until it has been actually wrought. No matter, then, how the laws may at any future time transform and modify its legal basis, so long as the life together and the community of interests remain, for just so long will marriage, as we understand it now, continue to exist."

Nevertheless, she gets from the detective-bureau facts which show that all her fears are true; that all her wrongs are very real; and they include names and dates and information as to places which make all further doubt impossible. But in the meantime something else has come to her. The reminiscent mood that had begun upon the very evening of her terrible discovery returns. In judging her husband and condemning him as false to her, she calls to mind her own past years of life. She knows his secrets; she has entered into that retreat which he had thought secure against invasion. But has she not herself some carefully secluded *jardin secret* of memory which could he likewise enter he would find as eloquent of treachery to him? The question deeply moves her, and her secret consciousness makes her shrink and shudder at the thought. Can she pronounce a judgment upon him and be herself quite free from condemnation? She meets the question, at first evasively, and at last unflinchingly. She will summon up her past and judge it just as mercilessly as she judged her husband's.

She goes back to her years of girlhood and its varied incidents. She remembers how her father, a *chef de gare*, had misappropriated money to waste it at the gaming-table and in other forms of dissipation. She brings to mind his pitiful disgrace, his conviction and imprisonment as a felon, her later years of shabbiness and squalor. She recalls how, after he had died, she had become a sort of governess, and then had met in her employer's family the son of a rich Belgian manufacturer and had loved him. She thinks once more of how she used to meet him secretly, and how these meetings, though quite innocent, were broken off when he was ordered by his parents to end the undesirable entanglement, and how her lover had obeyed because he feared to jeopardise for a woman's sake his hope of fortune. She thinks of how, when she was still tormented by the agony and shame of this rejection, a lady who was interested in her had proposed to bring about her marriage with M. Lecoudrier, whom she had never met, and of whom she knew no more than that he was reported fairly prosperous and of good repute. After a meeting or two she had accepted him, and a *mariage de convenance* had been arranged. Her mind reverts to her thirteen years of married life. She remembers how, at first, the novelty of her surroundings, the comparative ease of her environment, her pleasure in being mistress of her husband's house and in the kindness and consideration with which he always treated her, had satisfied her mind and gradually tranquillised her. The birth of a daughter had bound her still more closely to her husband. But there came a time when all these things had palled upon her, when her home and all its duties had become unspeakably monotonous, when even her child had ceased to interest her, and when the prospect of a humdrum life of *bourgeois* dulness had become intolerable. Her old-time restlessness and craving for excitement were again awakened, and its satisfaction took the form of gallantry. She recalls how she began to accept and even seek the notice of those men about her who were young and easily *toqués*. Then came a period of flirtation, of sentimental friendships such as certain types of men and women frequently affect—professedly Platonic *liaisons* in which the vocabulary of friendship is consciously substituted for the language of love, and in which the pressure of hands, the *solitude à deux*, and the *valse significative* play an important part. But as Platonic friendships seldom fill up all the blanks in the *carte tendre* of a woman's life, it was not long before a much more serious affair occurred, when a certain Captain Landouzie became a frequent visitor in her drawing-room. This person, representing *le type buffle*, forceful, violent, and a good deal of a brute, was the sort of

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man who always has a singular attraction for women of the sensitive, imaginative, half-neurotic temperament, who seem to find in the presence of a nature so completely physical something that rests their nerves and roughly overrides their finical hesitations. And it was so in this case; for, as she now remembers but too well, in no long time Landouzie had completely dominated Marthe Lecoudrier; and she was saved from taking the final step only by an unexpected incident that called him hastily to join his regiment. A long and serious illness followed; and at its end her period of storm and stress was over. From that time down to the discovery of her husband's secret she had lived contentedly the life that once had seemed quite unendurable.

She thinks of all these episodes, and as she thinks of them she feels that it is not for her to sit in judgment on her husband. She took him in the beginning without asking any questions, just as he took her. If he concealed the physical taint that rested on his race, so had she equally concealed the social taint that her father's crime had fastened on herself. If her husband came to her with the memory of other loves in mind, so had she come to him distracted by the loss of the only man she ever cared for, and one of whom the recollection still made any thought of marriage with another seem detestable. Her husband had professed no love for her, and she had equally professed no love for him. And after marriage, if she now knew that he had not lived for her alone, her conscience told her that she had not truly lived for him; and that while she had never actually broken any vows as he had done, she still was morally as bad as he, since circumstances, rather than her will, had saved her. Recalling all her past and weighing it against his secret, she hesitates no more. His faults are balanced by her own, and henceforth she will banish both forever from her memory and live with this thought always in her mind, that "from to-day, and only from to-day, I am in very truth a *wife*."

Such is the outline of the story upon which Marcel Prévost has built his latest novel. So far as it possesses any moral, it appears to be intended to assert that every woman of thirty years of age or more, who will look carefully into the souvenirs of her past, will find among the fruits of her experience quite enough to make her charitable in her judgment of the other sex who have temptations such as she is largely shielded from. To this assertion many readers will very naturally demur; and as for M. Prévost's view that every human being, man or woman, has his or her *jardin secret*, this thought is hardly new enough to justify the writing of a novel to expound it; for, indeed, it was set forth by Thackeray many years ago in one of his most striking passages. The interest of the book for M. Prévost's countrymen will, therefore, probably be found in the skill and subtlety of its literary workmanship and in the innumerable touches that show so rare an understanding of the working of a woman's mind.

But to the American and the English reader this novel has an interest of a very different sort. These will perceive in it not only an entertaining story, a work of literary charm, another lucid and elaborate study of the *ewig Weibliche;* but, more than this, a document containing very valuable evidence as to the physiological and psychic basis of the *mariage de convenance*. Than this there is perhaps no social institution that more deeply interests the Anglo-Saxon student of French manners, as there is none more utterly at variance with Anglo-Saxon sentiment and prejudice. To find a keen observer, therefore, like M. Prévost, unconsciously affording us so accurate a demonstration of its practical results, is marvellously interesting; nor should one pass this demonstration by without at least a general indication of what seems to be its obvious teaching.

The French assert, in explaining and defending their peculiar institution, that in the long run the happiness of marriage depends far more upon material considerations and upon environment than upon an actual affinity of two persons at the time of marriage. Given any conceivable amount of love between the two, this still must wane in time; and sooner or later the union must rest upon a different basis from that of sentiment alone. Therefore, in the *mariage de convenance*, this basis is most carefully arranged beforehand by the family council, viewing with practical and unromantic eyes the permanent interests of both the principals. It is

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essential, for example, that both should be of equal, or of nearly equal, social rank; that there should be no great disparity in age; that character and temperament should be considered; and that the united incomes of the two should be sufficient to assure them all the comforts to which they have been hitherto accustomed, and to guarantee a suitable provision for the presumptive responsibilities of the future. A second proposition which relates to the sentimental side of marriage is accepted as essentially complemental to the first. As love is, in its very last analysis, held to be a purely physical affair, and as it is inspired by mere proximity, its evocation may be safely counted on as an inevitable incident of any properly considered marriage. That is to say, if the young girl be educated in seclusion, so that no attachment for another has come to her before her marriage, the purely emotional side of her nature will at marriage be still a *tabula rasa*, a fair white page, on which her husband may inscribe his name and win the affection which among ill-regulated Teutonic peoples he seeks to do as a preliminary to betrothal. Then, when in course of time the married pair adjust themselves to the relation that is to end at death alone, the wife has no remembrance of any other attachment to impair a single-minded interest in her husband; and with a comfortable environment and an assured provision, both go through life's long journey hand in hand, unvexed by unforeseen anxieties, serene and confident, and with that complete tranquillity which is the most secure of all foundations for mutual affection and esteem. The scheme is beautifully logical; it possesses the lucidity, completeness and implicity that are so characteristic of all French theory; it is based upon that intensely material view of life which in France has come to be a national possession; and it has about it something of the impenetrable hardness which, with all their superficial sentiment, remains the one eternally and profoundly significant trait that underlies French character.

But the Anglo-Saxon, who is never infatuated with any theory whatever merely because it is logical and lucid, and who has a most uncomfortable way of looking at its practical application, entertains some definite objections to this view of marriage; and two of these may be restated here, because this book of M. Prévost seems to shed some light upon the questions they involve. Assuming (which is a good deal to assume) that these business-like and scientific marriages are really so extremely well arranged that women are never sacrificed to brutes, and that men are never tricked into a union with women whom they would not think of choosing for themselves, what is the actual relation of all these arrangements to the woman's happiness? When a young and innocent girl, brought up in a conventual seclusion, is handed over to a man whom she has scarcely ever seen and for whom she can have no particular prepossession, what, one may ask, are probably her feelings? It may be true, as Mr. Howells very delicately puts it, that man is still imperfectly monogamous; but it is also true that woman is essentially monandrous; and this implies the right of choice, since it is a negation of the masculine promiscuity. Does she then, in fact, so very readily adjust herself to a situation which to her is quite unique? Does she not, when roughly thrust into the intimacy of married life, feel a revolt so strong as to make her husband more or less an object of repulsion to her? This very natural inquiry gets a sort of answer from M. Prévost. We give his dictum in the very words that he has placed in the mouth of Marthe Lecoudrier:

"Comment font toutes les autres, qui n'ont même pas cette aide, petites bourgeoises quelconques que l'on marie comme on m'a mariée? Passent-elles outre les répugnances, grâce à leur naturelle inertie, à une vague et bestiale curiosité, ou simplement au désir niais d'avoir un ménage, d'être 'Madame'? Au fond, je crois que chez beaucoup de jeunes filles la peur de l'homme inconnu n'est pas telle que le bruit en court, et que se l'imagine le petit nombre de celles que résident au sommet de l'échelle des êtres sensitifs. Beaucoup de jeunes filles n'ont aucune vraie pudeur. La pudeur leur est apprise, suggérée, comme un principe de sage économie générale: à savoir, qu'une femme perd un avantage à se donner. Mais elles n'éprouvent nulle gêne à s'étendre à côté d'un homme, du moment que la perte est régulièrement compensée, que l'usage social est respecté, qu'elles-mêmes sont sûres de faire 'comme tout le monde.' . . . Oui, il faut l'avouer! ces pauvres raisons sufficent à l'immense majorité des jeunes épouses! On fait 'comme tout le monde,' dans une circonstance où la vraie noblesse d'âme commanderait de faire comme soi-même, comme soi seul."

This surely is a very cynical defence,

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for it resolves itself into an expansion of the famous line of Pope that "every woman is at heart a rake," a saying which, by the way, was not original with Pope, but was drawn by him from a quite Gallic epigram of Jehan de Meung. Yet M. Prévost thoroughly believes in it; for in this very novel his account of the early days of the Lecoudriers' *lune de miel* is but a concrete illustration of the same idea, recalling an extremely curious passage in Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* where that adventurous young woman in her male disguise spends the first night of her freedom in a rustic inn. The Anglo-Saxon with his greater reverence for women will not find such an apologia conclusive.

But something far more subtle and more vitally important still remains. M. Prévost depicts his heroine when, by the accepted theory of the *mariage de convenance*, she should have reached the period of tranquillity as a true *bourgeoise soumise*, suddenly becoming restless, bored, *ennuyée*, eager for excitement, and ready to seek it elsewhere than at home. Why is this so? It seems to vitiate the principle laid down by all the social philosophers who defend the view of marriage which prevails in France. M. Prévost explains it by a reference to what he styles *la crise*. Again we give his very words:

"Il y a un moment où une femme qui jusque-là a été satisfaite par le mariage, arrive à souhaiter autre chose. . . . Quand le régime conjugal est enfin établi, quand l'accoutumance est complète, aussitôt l'épouse sent que ce trouble délicieux, ce trouble antérieur lui manque Regret du passé chez l'honnête femme, désir de l'aventure chez les autres; combien éprouvent le besoin d'un *nouveau mariage*, où tout ce qu'il y eut d'exquis dans la première initiation se recommence!"

These very frank statements will seem to the Anglo-Saxon reader an unconscious condemnation of the whole theory of marriage which prevails in France, and to support by implication the Teutonic view. For the Teutonic view assumes that the love on which alone a happy marriage can be based, so far from being allied solely with the senses, is a far more spiritual thing—an exaltation arising, first of all, from certain psychical affinities between two persons whose temperament exactly fits them for each other. It has in it, on the one side, an element of maternal affection, and on the other something of the self-devotion and disinterestedness involved in ties of blood relationship. It cannot be called forth indifferently by one person as well as by another, but must spring from an instinctive recognition of the subtle fitness of two natures for each other; and it is based, therefore, upon that principle of selection which is one of the most profound and universal of all natural laws. When, moreover, it is thus evoked, it so completely moulds and masters every faculty of mind and body as to preclude the possibility of any other similar and coexistent sentiment. In its fullest and most perfect evocation it appears but once in any human life; and that it should be thus permitted to appear is both a physiological and a psychological necessity. The nature that through special circumstances has never known it has been cheated of its rights; and the whole being, whether consciously or unconsciously, will sooner or later rise up in revolt. Thus, as M. Huysmans in *En Route* declares (and we have heard the statement vouched for by very eminent ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church), even in the cloister there comes a time in the life of the most devoted *réligieuse* when she finds with dismay that her existence is becoming quite intolerable, when her best-loved duties fail to interest her, and when a mysterious lassitude creeps over mind and body. She, in her inexperience, does not understand its meaning, but her superiors do. They know it to be the *crise*, the mighty instinct of womanhood crying out within her, and they dread the outcome; for with many nuns it assumes the form of physical decline and ends in early death.

Now, in the *mariage de convenance*, which takes into account the physiological phase alone, and disregards a very vital psychic truth, the *crise* still lingers in the background to be reckoned with hereafter. It has not necessarily been coincident with marriage, but it may still occur at any time to overturn the scientifically accurate arrangements of the *conseil de famille* and to provide the writers of French fiction with the particular sort of incident which forms the staple of their literary studies. In the Teutonic marriage, on the other hand, the *crise* is not a factor in the later matrimonial problem, for it has been

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synchronous with the marriage rite. Nature, which is mightier than Art, has had her due; and henceforth there exists in the mind of the wife no lingering dissatisfaction, no vaguely curious yearning after what M. Prévost calls *l'homme-providentiel*. The basis for a lasting sympathy has been securely laid; and man and wife live out their days together, bound fast by ties that do not gall, and that are infinitely stronger than those imposed in selfish bargaining and nice consideration of the *dot*—by ties, in fact, which will survive external shock, and which adversity itself will only knit more closely in bringing out through sacrifice of self the pure devotion and eternal tenderness that blend two hearts in one and constitute the sacramental mystery of marriage.

However superficially the two opposing views may have been here set forth, these are the assumptions that will be found respectively to underlie them; and it is because they are so frequently the subject of discussion that we think *Le Jardin Secret* will, outside of France at least, be read less for its purely literary merits than for the light it throws upon a very difficult and very interesting social question.

Harry Thurston Peck.

LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

III.—Emilia Pardo Bázan.

An American writer, flitting through Spain, expressed his surprise at finding in the person of Señora Bazán "a Spanish woman who could write." This was to speak from preconception rather than knowledge, as scores of Spanish women write and get their names into accessible biographical dictionaries. The quality of their writing is another affair. If we may trust that lively critic, Leopoldo Alas, "In Spain, it must be confessed, the ladies who publish verse and prose commonly turn out a very poor article. Now, women who write badly are not pleasant; though the same is also true of men who write badly. But unfortunately most of the ladies who are writing for the public to-day are only so many calamities of literature, in spite of which I am their most humble servant." Señor Alas, however, expressly exempts Señora Bazán from the necessity of pleading the privilege of her sex, and affirms of her that, with her command of five or six living languages, her profound studies in history and philosophy, her published works of criticism, to say nothing of her brilliant novels, she is entitled to be judged as an intellect, not as a woman.

But while this is true, Señora Bazán is so striking a figure in the history of the modern intellectual emancipation of Spanish women that reference to it is essential in order to put her achievements in their proper setting. She herself has shown how the movement has been only a reversion. "At the time of the Renaissance," she writes,

> "Spanish women, whose learning equalled their piety, far from contenting themselves with no education, or with only a superficial one, held professorships of rhetoric and Latin, like Isabel Galindo, or widened the domain of philosophic speculation, like Oliva Sabuco. In the eighteenth century these traditions were so utterly lost that it was considered dangerous to teach girls the alphabet, on the ground that if they were able to read and write, they might correspond with their sweethearts. I have heard it told of a great-grandmother of mine, of noble family (grandees, in fact), that she was obliged to learn to write by herself, copying the letters from a printed book with a pointed stick for pen and mulberry juice for ink."

This agrees very well with what Valera says in his novel *El Comendador Mendoza*:

> "I suspect that our grandfathers, weary of the female bachelors of arts, and the Latin-speaking, pedantic ladies painted for us by Quevedo, Tirso and Calderón, had fallen into the opposite extreme of taking pains that their women should learn nothing. Learning in a woman was to be considered as a spring of evil. Thus it happened that in the provinces well-to-do and noble families educated their girls simply to be very active and systematic housekeepers. They learned to sew, to embroider and to knit; many were good cooks, not a few ironed beautifully; but almost always care was taken that they should not learn to write, and they were taught little more than to read fairly well in *The Christian Year* or some other pious book."

From that Spain to the Spain which counts the literary fame of Emilia Pardo Bazán among her modern glories is a long way. She and the other women

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who have asserted the right of Eve to approach the tree of knowledge have maintained, as we have seen, that they were only laying claim to their ancient heritage; but their struggle to make good their title to it has been long and arduous. They have won their case, however, even in Spain. Señora Bazán writes, lectures, addresses the leading literary club of Madrid as freely as any man, and a great deal better than most men. She has even been brought forward as a candidate for membership in the sacred and awful Academia Española; but, up to the present, the dread of having to hear the rustle of skirts in the solemn precincts has prevented her election.

A glance at Doña Emilia's personal history must also be had in order to a clear understanding of the position she has won and holds. Here we have only to follow the charming autobiographical sketch which she published as a preface to her novel *Los Pazos de Ulloa*. Born in 1852, in Coruña, of one of the oldest noble families of Galicia, her childhood was one of those happy ones whose earliest memory is of being allowed to tumble freely about a library. Her father, partly by deliberate intention and partly from preoccupation with other matters, allowed her free range among most of his books—she speedily helped herself to the forbidden ones. This was the real beginning of her education, which, however, had to be broken into and ruined as far as possible by a course in a fashionable French boarding-school in Madrid. Happily escaped from this destroyer of the mind, she was for a time put under private tutors. She begged to be allowed to study Latin instead of taking lessons on the piano; but this was too wild a thing to ask even of her open-minded father. The result was to give her a fierce hatred of the piano, which endures to this day. Scarcely had she got into long dresses when, in 1868, she was married. Her husband's name is Don José Quiroga, and three children have been born of the marriage. The Revolution of 1868 resulted in her father's political eclipse and in practical exile from Spain. With him she travelled in France and the south of Europe, making herself mistress of the French and Italian languages and literatures. On her return to Spain she gave some years to study of German and to deep reading in philosophy and

Emilia Pardo Bazán

history. All this was without conscious preparation for her literary career, which practically began in 1880, and has gone on in the way that everybody knows. Since 1888, when her father died, she has been entitled as his sole heir to call herself a countess; but she does not. "Who would know me as a countess?" she asks. "I shall be simply Pardo Bazán as long as I live."

Better known out of Spain as a novelist than as a critic, Señora Bazán has produced critical writing of great variety and value. It is not necessary to contend that she is the first critic of Spain to-day. In some branches of literary history at least, Menéndez y Pelayo has an authority to which she makes no pretence; Valera's acute judgment and delicate style have wrought results unapproached in their way; Leopoldo Alas (better known by his pseudonym of "Clarín") has an incisiveness and an easy mastery all his own. But it may be doubted, after all, if Señora Bazán's critical work has not had a more positive influence than that of any of them. She has been so sensitive to the currents of contemporary literature, has thrown herself into the discussion of vital ques-

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tions with so much vivacity, learning, and wit that she has made herself the most throbbing and felt, if not actually the weightiest, personality in the Spanish literary world of to-day. As she herself has written :

"Our criticism of contemporary literature bears no relation to our productiveness in literature, nor to our historical and retrospective criticism. In this branch we seem a youthful people of small culture, not yet arrived at the period of reflection ; even the Portuguese surpass us in this particular. Not long ago a foreigner asked me in what book he should study the personality of our modern Spanish novelists, and get a general idea of our fiction; and I had, with much mortification, to reply to him, 'There is no such book.'"

Señora Bazán's chief distinction as a critic is that she has done so much to make good the lack pointed out in the remark of hers just quoted. Not that she has neglected the past. Her first extensive critical work was her *Estudio Crítico de las Obras del P. Feijóo*, the famous Dominican writer of her own Galicia. She has done two solid volumes on *The Epic Christian Poets*. She has even dared greatly in writing a book called *Studies in Darwinism*. Her volume on *Saint Francis of Assisi* is really a study of civilisation in the thirteenth century. But all these and her other elaborated works of "retrospective criticism," to use her phrase, have not the significance or special value of the critical writing she has done with her eye on her contemporaries. The main body of this is to be found in what Mr. Howells has called her "athletic" essay, *The Burning Question* (*La Cuestión Palpitante*), and in the successive monthly numbers of her *Nuevo Teatro Crítico*. This last undertaking of hers was sufficiently formidable—100 octavo pages a month for two years, consisting of a short story, a critical study, notes on books, dramatic criticism, social comment, educational discussion. For one pen to have produced these 2400 pages in 24 months, in addition to other writing, and to have done it with such grace, such learning, such unflagging sprightliness, is a feat which makes it easier to believe in the miracles of Lope de Vega's productiveness.

The Burning Question was the question of realism in fiction. Señora Bazán plunged into the discussion which had been excited by an address of the distinguished Spanish novelist and Academician, the late Pedro Antonio de Alarcón. He had rather sweepingly and contemptuously dismissed the whole realistic movement in France and Russia, then beginning to invade Spain (this was in 1882), as simply what he called "the dirty hand of literature." Thereupon, as Clarín said, the learned and literary world of Madrid was greatly amazed to see "a white and lovely hand, of the kind that does not offend even when it gives you a smart tap," seize a pen and begin to write upon the subject in debate with a wit and knowledge and vigour which left Alarcón and all the rest gasping. What Doña Emilia did in the weekly letters which were afterward collected into her book was to display the inner working and historical evolution of French and Spanish fiction with the air and grasp of a master, illustrating her thesis by frequent references to the English novel (though she confessed her knowledge of this to be, by comparison, limited), and to point out the philosophy, the bounds, the artistic and moral justification of realism in fiction with a swift and sure judgment beyond all praise. The book is a great landmark in Spanish contemporary criticism ; it is as notable a contribution to the discussion of realism in fiction as any modern literature can boast.

As we have Sainte Beuve's word for it that an example is always the best definition, some specimens of Señora Bazán's critical manner may be offered as better than any further general remarks about it. The warning is painfully necessary, however, that the sparkle of her style disappointingly escapes when decanted into a translation. In a brilliant study of Zola and Tolstoy (*Teatro Crítico*, No. 5) she dwells as follows upon what she calls the "extraordinary commercial foresight of the Frenchman" :

"A proof," she writes,

"that Zola is guided by a profound and complicated spirit of calculation may be seen in the incredible patience and docility required for the carrying out of his plans, formed long ago and pursued without deflection. To determine to write one novel about the clergy, and then another about the middle class, and then another, and another, and another, about peasants, and mines, and railroads, and the army, and the Bourse ; to execute this project step by step, with ox-like tenacity, never to draw back, never to lose heart, to apply the same intensity and the same artistic devotion to every part of the machine—all this reveals an indifference as regards the subject and an absorption in the work itself which perhaps no one but a Frenchman could display. Paris, considered as a vast or-

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ganism, works just as Zola does. No form of labour is despised in Paris, and none fails to yield a profit. . . . This commercial spirit, this humble submission to work, this artistic zeal wreaked upon drudgery, Zola has in a high degree, though he is none the less a great writer, a creative talent, and in many respects an independent and innovating intelligence. Other novelists cannot bring themselves to describe or even to study that which does not allure or excite their imagination; but Zola, with that double instinct of his which we may call the epic-mercantile, has absolutely no preferences, no chosen world."

A few pages farther on comes a comparison between Zola and Tolstoy. In the latter, says Señora Bazán, it is necessary

"to distinguish between the artist and the apostle. The artist is a great and lofty genius, far more instinctive and spontaneous than Zola, and therefore far more admirable. In Tolstoy there leaps to view the fire, the impetuous rush, the divine freshness of inspiration. But for this very reason his work is more uneven than Zola's. The products of industrial art, the result of combinations a thousand times attempted with happy result, have the greater homogeneity; those of instinctive art are irregular, sometimes feeble, sometimes magnificent. Not that I affirm the mechanical spirit to be dominant in Zola; he is an artist, and he has his muse; all I assert is that the unconscious sovereignty which, in certain moments, we see massing every faculty of the artist to give off the electric spark of inspiration, Tolstoy possesses in the greatest measure; in Zola we see the man of a trade, the writer by profession. Tolstoy sometimes writes feebly; but, when he is at his best, how deep the imprint left by his lion's paw!"

In close connection with the foregoing may be given Señora Bazán's account of what she calls "the capital vice of the naturalistic æsthetic." The passage is from *La Cuestión Palpitante*:

"To subject thought and passion to the same laws that determine the fall of a stone; to take into consideration solely physical and chemical forces, rigorously ruling out individual spontaneity, is what naturalism proposes, and is what Zola calls demonstrating and explaining the human beast. As a logical consequence, naturalism is forced to breathe only in touch with matter, to discover the springs of the drama of human life only in blind instinct and unbridled lust. A writer who strictly adheres to the method advocated by Zola is obliged to make a sort of selection among the motives which may determine the human will, but is bound always to choose the external and tangible, and to pass over those which are moral, intimate, and delicate. Now this, besides destroying the reality, is a purely artificial method, and easily runs into the grossest absurdities, as when a heroine finds a measure of the warmth of her love in the degrees of heat shown by a thermometer applied to the soles of her feet!"

The temptation to cite Señora Bazán at length may perhaps be best escaped by tapering off with a few scattered and minor quotations. She does not hold the true critic's function cheap.

"Of all the forms of literature, I believe that criticism, in its latest developments and with the new demands made upon it, is perhaps the most difficult of all. I protest against the saying of Destouches: '*La critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile;*' for criticism is itself an art, and one which requires the wings of inspiration as well as the ballast of learning. In our day, when criticism has lost the schoolmaster's ferule, it is obliged to dissect, but not as a cold anatomist, rather as an impassioned sculptor who seeks in the human form for the divine law of harmony and beauty."

Here are the qualities of the critic's style which Señora Bazán, speaking of Father Feijóo, says she would desire for herself (they were hers without asking):

"Energy in setting forth the truth, limpid clearness, the charm of variety, smiling and unfailing courtesy."

"In our time," she says elsewhere,

"criticism applies itself to the great writers, past and present, and defines them, not as they ought to be in the opinion of the teacher, but as they really have manifested themselves. Thus the independent artist who defies arbitrary classification has no reason to rise in insurrection against the new criticism, whose office it is not to correct and rap over the knuckles, but to study and to endeavour to comprehend what exists."

But one must stop somewhere. If it is said that what has here been written gives no summary account of Señora Bazán's literary and critical creed, the reply is that nothing of the kind was attempted. She is of the creed of all sensible critics, and what that is the sensible critic does not tell. The only aim has been to give a faint impression of a rich and expansive nature, a powerful mind playing freely and with delight on the material of literature and the phenomena of life. Such a large personality cannot be compressed into an exact formula. One has to frame a roomy definition for Señora Bazán; and it is given, or at least suggested, in what she herself has written in characterisation of the literature of the last half of the nineteenth century:

"It is prolific, varied, complex, yet it has its characteristic features. It is reflective, nourished on fact, positive and scientific, based on observation of the individual and of society. It both professes and practises the worship of artistic form, not with the serene simplicity of the classics, but with richness and complexity. If it is realistic it is also refined; and as no details are hidden from its acute analysis, it gives them to the world in profusion, while chiselling and polishing its style."

Rollo Ogden.

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AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

V.—Willis, Halleck, and Drake.

In the *Letters from Under a Bridge*, by N. P. Willis, which is to-day perhaps the most readable of his many volumes, this excellent passage occurs :

"In what is the judgment of posterity better than that of contemporaries? Simply in that the author is seen from a distance—his personal qualities lost to the eye and his literary stature seen in proper relief and proportion."

Having thus delivered himself, Willis proceeds to assert, on the very next page, "Rufus Dawes is a poet if God ever created one." It is as if the evil genius of consistency had guided Willis's pen into writing the very words which should best prove the worthlessness of contemporary opinion, for Rufus Dawes lives to-day—if it can be called living—only in dusty anthologies and in the pages which Poe devoted to an unmerciful exposure of his inanities. Willis himself cannot be said to have any vital importance for our generation, yet he cut a prodigious figure in his own time; and while he was extolling the beauties of Dawes, Poe would probably have been glad to take the place which a few years later he filled for a time as Willis's office assistant. Now that Willis's fleet of books is fastened almost as securely to "Lethe wharf" as the works of Dawes himself, it is not without suggestion to recall and contrast the esteem in which he and Poe were held by the reading public of the thirties and forties. Poe's "literary stature" had not begun to be seen "in proper relief and proportion." Willis's was of the sort which, from its very adaptation to the taste and themes of the day, had all its greatness then, and now has dwindled almost out of being. It will not be possible to note all the contrasts between his career and Poe's, but they can hardly fail to present themselves to minds familiar with the more tragic story of the writer whose fame has not died.

Nathaniel Parker Willis came of a family that had printer's ink in its veins. His grandfather, whose ancestors were among the earliest English emigrants to Massachusetts, conducted a patriotic journal in Boston during the Revolution, and afterward established newspapers in Virginia and Ohio. His son Nathaniel, who is recalled in Boston still as "Deacon Willis" of the Park Street Church, founded the Boston *Recorder*, which he declared to be the first religious newspaper in the world, and the *Youth's Companion*, which, beginning as a distinctly religious journal for children, was probably also the pioneer in its field. Deacon Willis's wife was Hannah Parker, and to the piety which she shared with her husband her brighter spirit added the quality of gaiety which their son, Nathaniel Parker, the second of nine children, could not possibly have inherited from his rigorous father. This boy, the Willis with whom we are now concerned, was born in Portland, Me., on January 20th, 1806, about a year before Longfellow's birth in the same town.

From the strict orthodoxy of his father's household it was natural that the son should be sent first to the school at Andover and then to Yale College. At Andover he took an active part in a religious revival, of which it would be hard to find the parallel in a modern boarding school. "Prayer ascends continually," wrote Willis at seventeen to his father,

"sinners are repenting, and I am as proud as Lucifer. . . . Oh, pray that I may have humility! It is and must be the burden of my supplications."

Of Yale at the time Willis was in college he subsequently wrote that the student was

"committed to the sincere zealots of Connecticut . . . to learn Latin and Greek, if it pleased Heaven, but the mysteries of 'election and free grace,' whether or no."

Before Willis had been long under this system of instruction he found that there were many other things to learn. The name he won for himself while still a collegian, by writing a few of his most popular scriptural poems and other verses of an interest more strictly local, rendered him something of a lion in undergraduate society, and his good looks and attractive manners made it easily possible for him to play his part with success and satisfaction. Accord-

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ingly, without developing any tendencies that could be called dangerous, he soon found himself leading a life of social pleasure which placed him in his father's eyes among "the world's people," and made Willis himself conscious of what he called an "enduring conviction of sin." Yet the conviction was not overpowering, and indeed could not have been exactly "enduring," for the Willis of these college days, concerned with the less serious side of life, pleased with the bright colour of things, and never probing too deep below the surface, was the Willis of the later years.

From an engraving of the portrait by S. Lawrence, 1837.

For four years after leaving college—that is, from 1827–31—he was an inmate of his father's house in Boston. Here he served the editorial apprenticeship which prepared him for most of his work in the world. He edited the annuals *The Legendary* and *The Token* for S. G. Goodrich, "Peter Parley," and attempted a magazine, the *American Monthly*, on his own account. Already he showed himself essentially a journalist. Annual, monthly and daily periodicals were his inevitable mediums of expression, and to know the nature of the periodical literature of his time it is only necessary to know Willis, and *vice versâ*. It was the period of steel engraving in illustrative art; and the greater part of Willis's work, then and later, seems now to bear about the same relation to life as these pictures of skies in which thunder storms were always gathering, and persons through whose faces either blandness or malignity was sure to shine. No poems that Willis ever wrote attained a greater popularity than those upon scriptural themes. The generation that first read them knew not even what the word realism meant; yet remembering how well they knew their Bibles, it is somewhat hard to understand now why they did not even ask for truth. The poem of "Absalom," once vastly popular, is a fair specimen of Willis's best scriptural verse, which Lowell was shrewd enough to designate as "inspiration and water;" and if the modern reader cares to trouble himself with comparing Willis's dilution of the Absalom story with its original, he will not need to be reminded of the difference between the old and new ways of doing things.

While Willis was establishing himself as a religious poet, he was also producing a goodly quantity of secular prose, ephemeral pictures of life, especially in its lighter aspects. Indeed, his relations with the world were not those which his early training should have produced.

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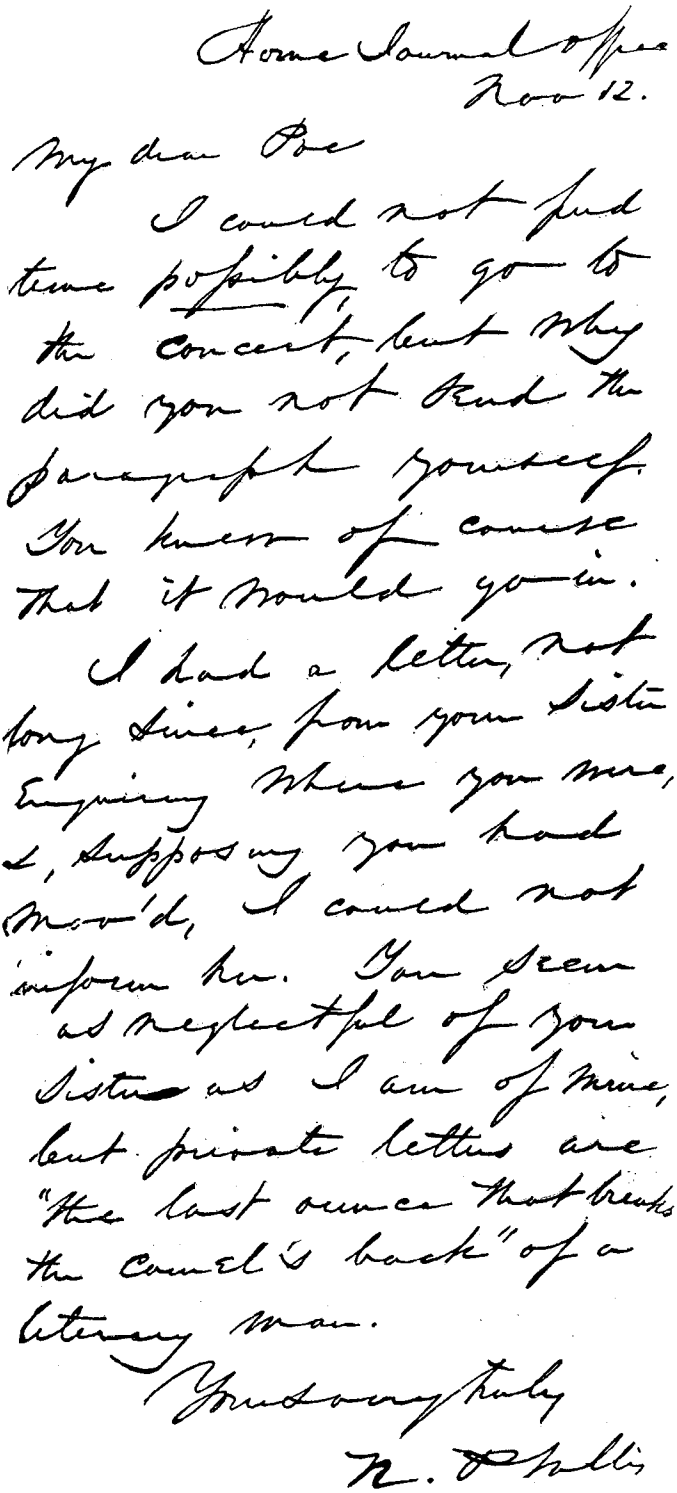

Home Journal Office
Room 12.

My dear Poe

I could not find time possibly to go to the Concert, but why did you not find the paragraph yourself. You knew of course that it would go in.

I had a letter, not long since, from your sister enquiring where you were, & supposing you had moved, I could not inform her. You seem as neglectful of your sister as I am of mine, but private letters are "the last straw that breaks the camel's back" of a literary man.

Yours very truly
N. P. Willis

FAC-SIMILE LETTER FROM WILLIS TO POE.
From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by William F. Gill, 1877.

He figured to some extent in the more fashionable society of Boston, gave great care to his dress and personal appearance, and drove a high-stepping bay horse which he named Thalaba. For frequenting the theatre and neglecting his duties in Park Street he was excommunicated from the church. George William Curtis has left a picturesque reminiscence, of which the chronology must not be scrutinised too closely, but the glimpse it gives of Willis is suggestive and probably faithful. Curtis as a boy was present at a Harvard commencement, and stood watching the arrival of the carriages that brought the governor and other dignitaries to Cambridge. "The last vehicle in the procession," he says,

"and as if a part of it, contained Willis, seated alone in his gig, dressed in a green frock-coat, white waistcoat, buff-coloured nankeen trousers, all supremely fine; his broad-brimmed Leghorn hat lay on the seat by his side. With an air of supreme nonchalance he tossed his reins to a hostler who stood there waiting for such chances, put a quarter into the man's hand and told him to take Thalaba to a certain livery-stable. He then passed up the broad aisle in the wake of the procession, and if he did not ascend the stage and seat himself among the dignitaries it must have been because there was no room."

Neither Willis nor his undertakings were very successful in Boston. His magazine was a failure, and the family of a young lady to whom he was engaged forbade the alliance. At a later

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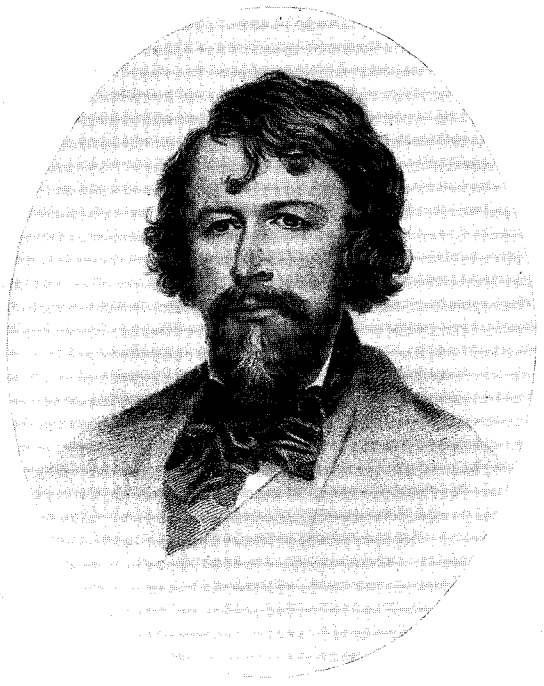


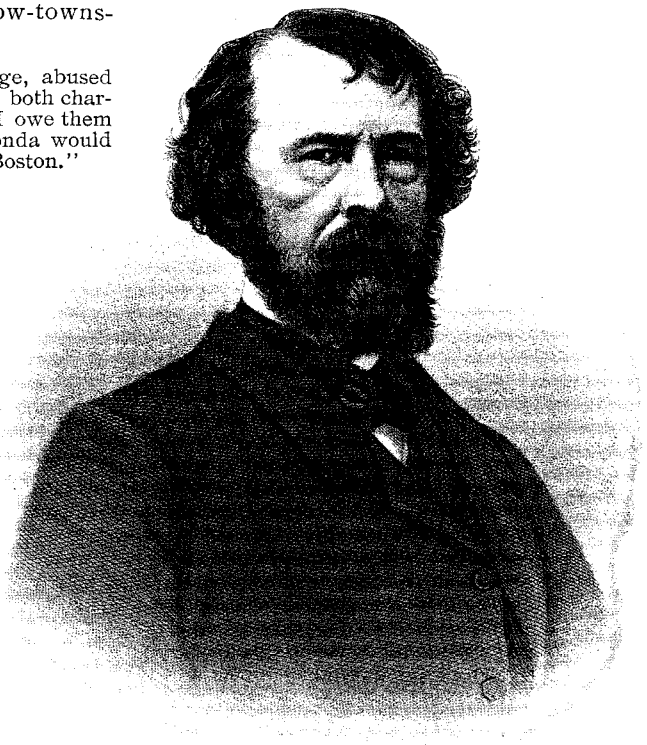
N. P. WILLIS.

day he wrote of his fellow-townsmen :

"They have denied me patronage, abused me, misrepresented me, refused me both character and genius, and I feel that I owe them nothing. . . . The mines of Golconda would not tempt me to return and live in Boston."

It was with little regret, therefore, that in 1831 he joined his fortunes with those of the New York *Mirror*, into which his *American Monthly* was also merged. It was a weekly literary journal, with its aim carefully directed to the mark of popular taste. It was soon decided that a regular letter from Willis in Europe would ensure the certainty of this aim, and with difficulty the sum of $500 was raised to start him on his travels. With this sum in his pocket and the promise of ten dollars for each letter he should write, he set sail from Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1831, on a brig bound for Havre. He was not yet twenty-six years old, and all the world lay before him. He had seen much of it before his return nearly five years later.

Like most young tourists, Willis began his letter-writing on board ship. From Paris, where the American Minister paid him the useful compliment of attaching him to the legation, from Italy, from the Mediterranean and the Levant, from Switzerland and England, he continued to write his "Pencillings by the Way," until they had reached the number of one hundred and thirty-nine, and his time for returning home was near. In America, where "First Impressions of Europe," as he described the "Pencillings" in a sub-title, were far less common then than now, they were read with eagerness. General Morris declared that they were copied into five hundred newspapers. It has been well said that Willis was the progenitor of the Special Correspondents of our time,



WILLIS IN LATER LIFE.

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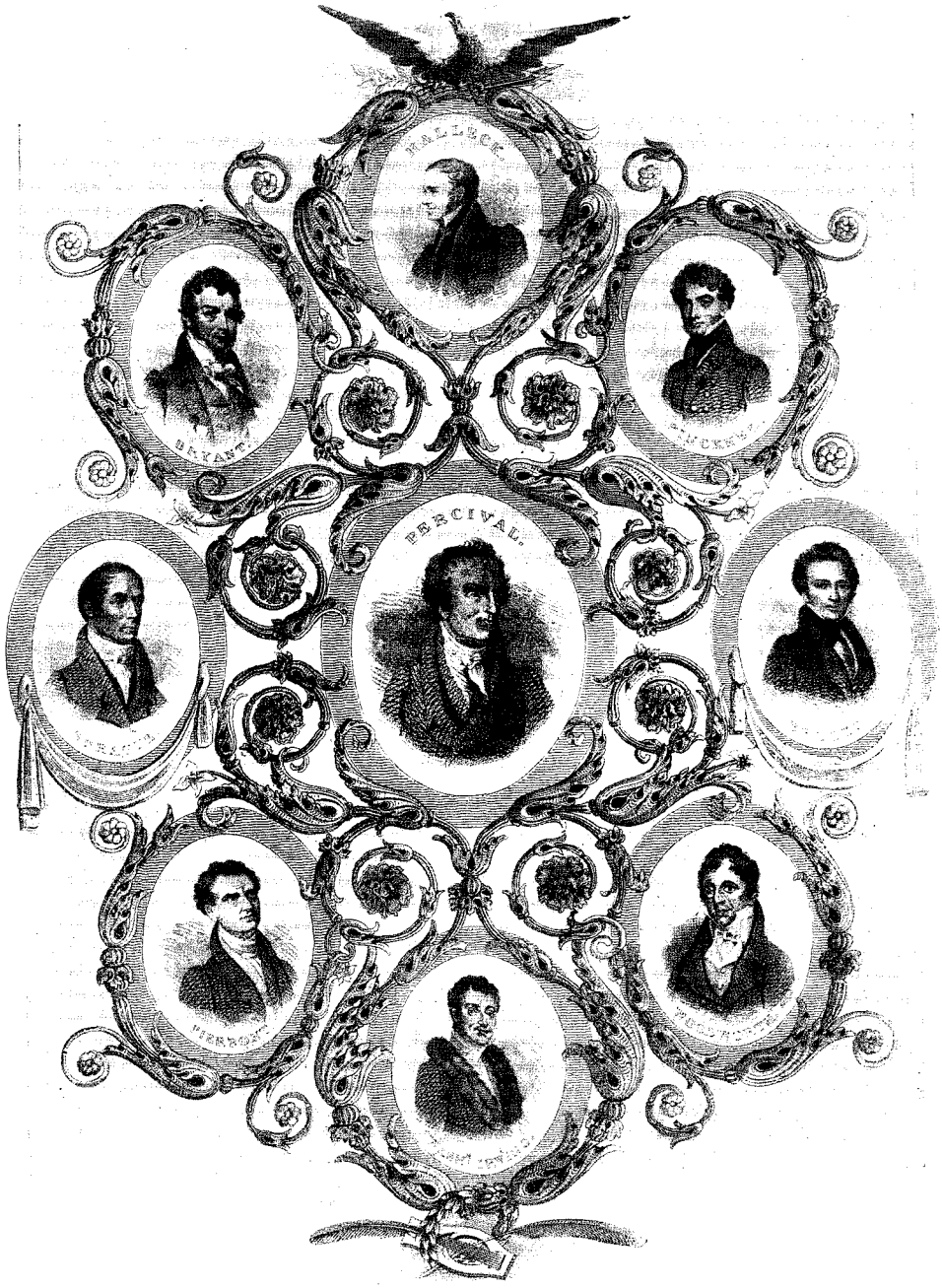

"EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN POETS."

From an engraving copied from original portraits by James Eddy, Boston, for the *New York Mirror*, in 1827.

and when the letters had a personal flavour, of the modern interviewer. The qualities which gave him success in these departments of journalism were in a large measure the qualities of his prose in general, for he was always more a journalist than a man of letters, as the distinction is commonly understood. But his prose belonged to a far more florid journalism than that which is most approved to-day. He had a feminine eye for the millinery of nature and

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Yours very truly
Fitz-Greene Halleck

From an engraving made for the *New York Mirror* in 1836.

life. He declared frankly, "the *ornamental* is my vocation," and a clever old lady is quoted by his admirable biographer, Professor Henry A. Beers, as having once said of him, "Nat Willis ought to go about in spring in sky-blue breeches with a rose-coloured bellows to blow the buds open." When he gave the freest rein to his fancy and his affectations, the result was something which to-day seems little less than silly and tiresome; but taken at his best, in descriptions and playfully imaginative sketches of life, he is still a winning writer whose vogue in his own time is an easy thing to comprehend. Moreover it is to be remembered of Willis, as of others whose fame still seems more secure, that there is a wide difference between coming first and alone to any field and occupying it later with many companions.

The more personal aspect of Willis's experience in Europe has an amusing element which James Parton has summed

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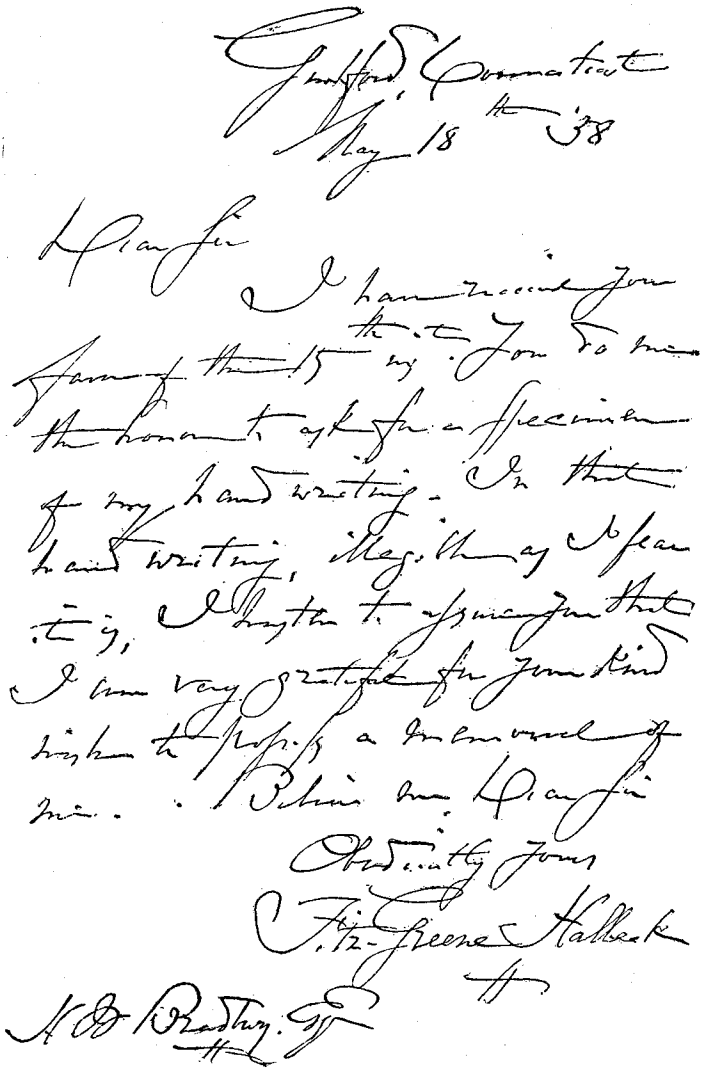

FAC-SIMILE OF AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF HALLECK'S RESPONDING TO A REQUEST FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

up in these words well worthy of quotation :

"At this day it has something of the interest of a histrionic performance, which is highly comic to me who has been behind the scenes. Here was a young American, rubbing along through Europe on the slenderest resources, eking out his weekly revenue by an occasional poem or story, but always in mortal fear of coming to the bottom of his purse, and all the time he wrote in the tone and style of a young prince, conveying the impression that castles and palaces, chariots and horses, and all the splendours of aristocratic life, were just as familiar to him as the air he breathed."

In England especially, where he came armed with excellent letters of introduction, he was observed to be "on exceedingly good terms with himself and with the *élite* of the best society." Lady Blessington and other persons of less notoriety and perhaps a surer position took him up and made much of him. To women particularly, and often to older women, he was here, as elsewhere, very attractive. He received the *entrée* of the best clubs, and found it as easy as it had been in New Haven to make himself agreeable to everybody. No, not everybody, for when his "Pencillings" were reprinted in England there were those who took him roundly to task for some of the things he had said. Lockhart attacked him in the *Quarterly*, and he was even called out by the truculent Captain Marryat, who could not bear to read that his "gross trash sells immensely about Wapping and Portsmouth, and brings him five or six hundred the book, but that can scarce be called literature." The "hostile meeting" actually took place, but the seconds did their part so well on the very field of conflict that bloodshed was avoided. Willis made many warm friends, however, in England, and when he sailed for home in May of 1836 he was accompanied by a young English wife, the daughter of General Stace of the British army.

By this time Willis had shown very clearly what he could do in prose and verse, and the remainder of his life was devoted, with greater and less success, to doing it. His outward circumstances had the variations that are the common lot of man. At the country home of Glenmary, at Owego, N. Y., where he

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FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

lived for several years after his return from England, he seems, if one may judge from the very agreeable *Letters from Under a Bridge*, to have been as near to happiness as he ever came. But bereavements and losses befell him. After a second journey to England he had to give up Glenmary, and not long afterward his wife died. There was then a third visit to England, and a search on the Continent for escaped health. In 1846 he was married again, to Miss Cornelia Grinnell of New Bedford. It was a curious circumstance that Greenough, the sculptor, many years before had carved a statue of her as a little girl in Florence, and from a remnant of the same stone had wrought a bust of Willis. It was in 1846 also that the *Home Journal* was born, as the last and most prosperous descendant of the *Mirror*, which, under Willis and his constant friend Morris, had passed through various stages of evolution. As editor and contributor in New York and at his second country-place, Idlewild, on the Hudson, Willis toiled faithfully for this periodical through the twenty-one years of life that remained to him. They were years from which trouble was not absent. One of the forms it took was the publication in 1854 of the story *Ruth Hall*, by Willis's sister, "Fanny Fern," who chose the method of caricature in the guise of fiction for exploiting a family quarrel over her rejected contributions to the *Home Journal*. Another distress was the part he had to take in the famous Edwin Forrest divorce suit. The actor seems to have sought tragedy in daily life, and, in playing the rôle of Othello, knocked Willis down in the street one day, and involved him in the suit against his wife, which resulted disastrously for his private reputation and triumphantly for hers. When the war came, Willis, of all men, undertook to be the *Home Journal's* correspondent in Washington. "He dropped his light plummet of observation," as Professor Beers well says, "into the boil-

HALLECK IN LATER LIFE.

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From an engraving of which the Bradford Club, in its edition of the "Croaker Papers," printed 150 copies in 1860.

ing sea of the Civil War, where it was tossed about at no great depth below the surface." His health was already much enfeebled, yet the falling off of the *Journal's* Southern subscribers and the death of General Morris made it seem imperative that he should give all the energies of a younger, stronger man to his work. These failing days and years of men whose pen is their support, days so often clouded by the fear of want and the necessity of work of which they are really incapable, provide the saddest pages of literary biography. The spectacle of Willis, whom Lowell had truly called "the topmost bright bubble on the wave of The Town," fighting at the end against the heavy odds of need and illness is one upon which it is unnecessary to dwell. His disease was found to be epilepsy, and finally took the form of paralysis and softening of the brain. The end came at Idlewild on January 20th, 1867, his sixty-first birthday.

There was a deep-rooted element of dandyism in Willis and almost everything he did, and he probably had this to thank for what might be called his personal unpopularity in print. His biographer declares that it was second only to that of Cooper among American writers; and it is the less easily understood because Willis's heart was really of the kindest and most human. Furthermore, he was not only prompt with words of praise for promising beginners, but seems to have been almost without literary jealousies. The truth must be that our countrymen were less tolerant fifty years ago of anything that seemed frivolous or flippant. Willis evidently did not take himself too seriously, and if one should seek high and low for terms to define his work, no words more suggestive of its true character could be found than those which he chose as titles for some of his own books. Besides the *Pencillings by the Way*, there are *Inklings of Adventure*, *Loiterings of Travel*, *Hurrygraphs*, and *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil*. Indeed, he was incessantly dashing at life with a free pencil, and just because this was what he did there is little to show for it fifty years after the best of it was done. With his prose, most of his verse, even the once universally known "Love in a Cottage," has ceased to be read. In a few such poems as "Unseen Spirits" and the "Lines on Leaving Europe," the best of Willis is to be found to-day.

In one of his "Letters from Idlewild" Willis wrote these characteristic words:

> "With such advantages of physiognomy and manners, so winning a look and voice, how is it that Fitz-Greene Halleck has never let himself be known to audiences? . . . What a pity that so admirably formed a creature should die (as he is likely to!) without the eye and ear homage for which Nature gifted him!"

Willis could no more have understood Halleck's objections to publicity than his venturing to stake his fame upon a very few poems—a venture in which Drake, through his early death, stood by Halleck's side. The contrast between Willis and Poe, in the nature of the men and of their work, is sufficiently striking; yet Willis in many ways is separated no less distinctly from the two men whose names are always combined in American literary annals, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake. Willis does not seem to have known that it was better to live by one poem than to die with many books; at least there is not one thing he wrote which is now even as well known as his name. On the other hand, "Marco Bozzaris" is familiar to thousands who

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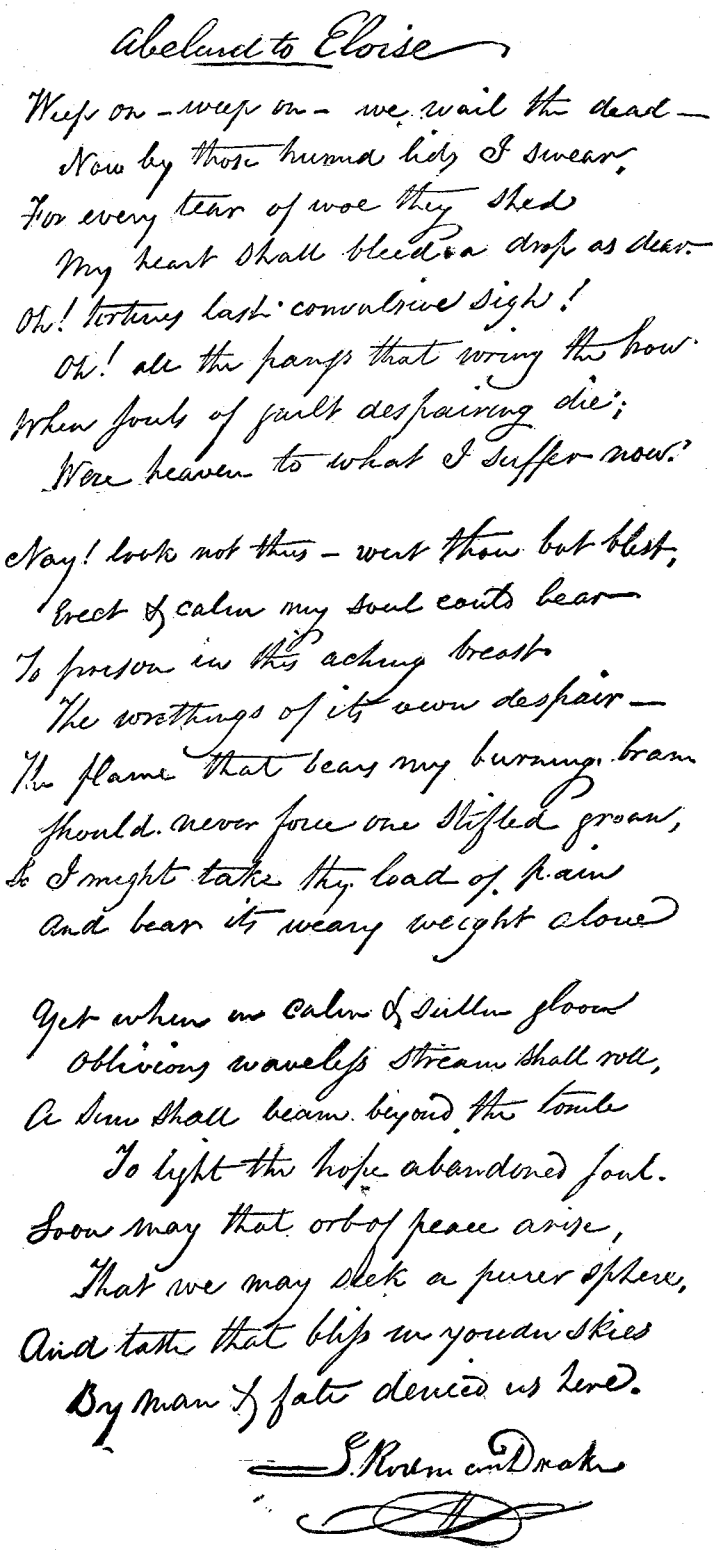
know little or nothing about Halleck, and "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag" ("When Freedom from her mountain height") are eminently living specimens of our national poetry.

Halleck outlived Willis by about ten months, though he was born sixteen years before him, on July 8th, 1790, in Guilford, Conn. Drake was Halleck's junior by five years, August 7th, 1795, being the time of his birth, and New York City the place. Like Willis, they were both of old New England stock. To New York Halleck came in 1811. He had received all his schooling in Guilford, and had served his apprenticeship at trade in the village store. Because "he couldn't help it," as one of his schoolmates said, he had written more than the usual number of boyish verses, which his biographer, General James Grant Wilson, has done him the doubtful kindness to exhume. In New York he entered a mercantile office, and had not long been living his new life when he made the acquaintance of young Drake, then a student of medicine. The story is told that one afternoon, in the spring of 1813, the two friends, not yet intimate, were sailing in New York Bay and discussing the delights of a future


Abelard to Eloise

Weep on – weep on – we wail the dead –
Now by those humid lids I swear,
For every tear of woe they shed
My heart shall bleed a drop as dear.
Oh! tortures last convulsive sigh!
Oh! all the pangs that wring the brow
When souls of guilt despairing die;
Were heaven to what I suffer now.

Nay! look not thus – wert thou but blest,
Erect & calm my soul could bear
To prison in this aching breast
The writhings of its own despair –
The flame that bears my burning brain
Should never force one stifled groan,
So I might take thy load of pain
And bear its weary weight alone

Yet when on calm & sullen gloom
Oblivious waveless stream shall roll,
A sun shall beam beyond the tomb
To light the hope abandoned soul.
Soon may that orb of peace arise,
That we may seek a purer sphere,
And taste that bliss in yonder skies
By man & fate denied us here.

J. Rodman Drake

FAC-SIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT OF DRAKE'S POEM, "ABELARD TO ELOISE."
From "Bryant and his Friends," by J. Grant Wilson.

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world. "It would be heaven," said Halleck, "to lounge upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell." The thought is said to have appealed so strongly to Drake's young sympathies that their intimacy began upon the spot.

About three years after this occurrence Drake produced his masterpiece, "The Culprit Fay." Its origin was not unlike that of *Precaution* and *The Pilot*, which Cooper produced to surpass respectively an English novel writer in interest and Scott in truth to sea life. Drake, in a similar spirit, refused one day to admit the contention of Cooper and Halleck that our American rivers would not lend themselves, like the Scottish streams, to poetic treatment. To prove the truth of his position, and to give the Hudson its due, he wrote "The Culprit Fay" in the space of three days, in the summer of 1816.

Halleck could not look with any satisfaction upon Drake's marriage, in 1817, to the daughter of a rich shipbuilder. He thought Drake "the handsomest man in New York—a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo," and "well knew that his person was the true index of his mind." Though he acted as a groomsman at the wedding, he evidently feared the alliance of genius with wealth. Yet their intimacy suffered as little abatement as possible when matrimony steps between bachelor friends. From Europe, travelling with his wife, Dr. Drake, as he was then called, wrote clever epistles in rhyme to his friend at home, and soon after his return they began to contribute to the *Post* the verses, printed over the names of Croaker, Croaker Jr., and Croaker & Co., which set all New York laughing and talking.

These Croaker verses were undoubtedly witty and penetrating skits on the social and political life of the town, and probably give as clear an idea of the year 1819 in New York as anything to which one can turn. Yet the importance with which they were then invested seems somewhat curious now that they are almost forgotten. Halleck's biographer tells us of the anxiety of Coleman, the editor of the *Post*, to know who his mysterious correspondents were. They made up their minds one night to go to his house and reveal themselves.

"They were ushered into the parlour; the editor soon entered, the young poets expressed a desire for a few minutes' strictly private conversation with him, and the door being closed and locked, Dr. Drake said: 'I am Croaker, and this gentleman, sir, is Croaker junior.' Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected astonishment, at length exclaiming, 'My God! I had no idea that we had such talents in America!'"

This, by the way, seems to have been a favourite idea with editors of the time; only two years before Richard H. Dana had found it impossible to believe that "Thanatopsis" was not from an English pen. There is something equally refreshing and youthful in the tale that Drake, after reading the proof of one of the Croaker verses, "laid his cheek down upon the lines he had written, and looking at his fellow-poet with beaming eyes, said, 'O Halleck, isn't this happiness!'" One sees the pair the more clearly for Coleman's report to Bryant of the momentous Croaker interview:

"Drake looked the poet; you saw the stamp of genius in every feature. Halleck had the aspect of a satirist."

In this year of 1819 Drake wrote his ringing lines, "The American Flag," for which Halleck supplied the conclusion, and in the next year he died. As Halleck returned from the funeral, he said to their common friend De Kay, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone." On the day of Drake's death he had written the elegy beginning with the lines, perhaps more familiar than any others from his pen:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Halleck lived a lifetime of nearly half a century after his friend's death, but it was on the work that he did between 1817 and 1827, when his *Alnwick Castle, with Other Poems*, was published anonymously, that his fame must chiefly rest. In 1819 his *Fanny* had appeared, full of brightness and local hits at persons to whom he made reparation many years later in an edition with notes. So great was the favour in which it was held that Brevoort, the friend of Irving, said to Halleck in 1820, "that he should be prouder of being the author of *Fanny* than of any poetical work ever written in America." Such words as these help

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us to remember the condition of the American Parnassus at the time. Halleck's volume of 1827 showed that an improvement had begun, for it contained "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns," and most of the other poems on the strength of which Poe, in 1846, gave him the second place among American poets. This is the arrangement of Poe's list:

"Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Sprague, Longfellow, Willis, and so on, Halleck coming second in the series, but holding, in fact, a rank in the public opinion quite equal to that of Bryant."

A little later he makes himself surer of his ground by saying

"that Mr. Halleck, in the apparent public estimate, maintains a somewhat better position than that to which, on absolute grounds, he is entitled."

Be that as it may, the "public estimate" ranked him very high in spite of the fact that he wrote practically nothing from 1827 until 1864, when he brought forth "Young America," a poem, or succession of lyrics, which seem to have been due equally to the war and to the enterprising Bonner of the *Ledger*. His fame to-day and in the future, as in the past, will stand or fall without the aid of this evening song.

Halleck's life was about as uneventful as the visits of his Muse were infrequent. He held positions in several business offices before he became the confidential clerk of John Jacob Astor. Once he went abroad, but he evidently cared more for seeing places than people, and the record of his travels is mainly a long, commercial-looking list of the towns at which he stopped. His deafness, due to the discharge of a drunken militiaman's gun by his ear when he was a child, made his part in the society of New York a little less prominent than it might otherwise have been, for his wit and charm, which have been defined as Gallic, won him many friends, and in spite of his disability and shyness the demand for his company in the world almost always exceeded his willingness to supply it. Lowell felt in Halleck's work the effect of his life,

"In a world of back-offices, ledgers and stoves,"

and in that "Fable for Critics" which possesses the quality almost unique in contemporary criticism of not passing "out of date," frankly expressed a regret

"That so much of a man has been peddled away."

Halleck never married, though if one saying of a "superior woman" may be believed, he could not have been without his attractions. This lady is reported to have declared, "If I were on my way to church to be married, yes, even if I were walking up the aisle, and Halleck were to offer himself, *I'd leave the man I had promised to marry and take him!*" To this perhaps should be joined his epigram written for a young lady who asked for his autograph:

"There wanted but this drop to fill
The wifeless poet's cup of fame.
Hurrah! there lives a lady still
Willing to take his name."

His deference to the opposite sex is recalled in this final anecdote. In 1821 he was travelling as the only passenger in a stage-coach in the Wyoming Valley. He had lighted a capital cigar, when the coach stopped and an elderly woman got in. True to his principles, he immediately threw away the cigar, which, unhappily, was his last, when, to his horror, the woman produced a pipe and for fifteen miles puffed forth the smoke of her wretched tobacco. "I shall on my deathbed," said Halleck afterward, "undoubtedly recall with horror, as I do at the present moment, that fearful pipe and its smoker."

The poet was a conservative to the core. It was characteristic of him, when he went to hear Thackeray lecture on George IV., to get up and leave the hall. The king who invented a shoe-buckle was still to him "the first gentleman in Europe," and of Thackeray he could only say, "I can't listen any longer to his abuse of a better man than himself." It was also like him when Mr. Astor died, and left him $200 a year —a bequest which Mr. William B. Astor afterward increased by the gift of $10,000 —to retire in 1849 to his native town of Guilford, and with the sister who was his lifelong friend to pass the rest of his days in quiet. Here he died on November 19th, 1867. Since his niche in the pantheon of our earlier writers had been assigned to him, a troop of younger men had come upon the scene, and most of the Knickerbocker figures had lost something of their first distinction. Yet if his place was never so glittering as that

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of Willis, nor so vividly won as Drake's, it was all his own, as theirs belonged to them. The memory of these three, if not their written word, speaks one thing clearly to us still, that fame is not a plant which "in broad rumour lies," except in so far as posterity has a voice in it. But who shall say that it would be better for creators or critics to have the power of projecting themselves fifty or seventy-five years into the future? One result of such a power would surely be that much less would be written and much less said about it.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

The subjects of the next paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "Prescott, Parkman, and other Historians." It will appear in the July number.

A LOST GARDEN.

There were such secrets hid between
The apple blossoms rose and white,
And in the young leaves gold and green,
And in the lily's cup of light.

Where the gold rose swung on the bough
Undreamt-of sweets lay hid and close;
No honey-bee shall find them now,
Nor the June wind that robs the rose.

The garden slopes upon a hill
Down to the fields, the little path
Between grass-borders wanders still
Where I was friends with Love and Death.

The trees were hung with bridal bloom,
The grass was star-sewn and empearled,
Once where a bride came to her groom,
And there was no death in the world.

The little feet we dreamt should run
Down the small pathway, where are they?
In a sweet land beyond the sun;
A mothering angel guides their way.

O garden, that I loved and left,
And shall not see in many a year,
And garden that I weep bereft,
The wound our parting made is here.

If there were no death in the world!
The garden holds our secret still,
Closes those young hearts yet uncurled
On snowdrops or the daffodil.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER X.

THE CITY OF DISCONTENT.

"En paroles ou en actions, être discret, c'est s'abstenir."

"There is," observed Frederick Conyngham to himself, as he climbed into the saddle in the gray dawn of the following morning—"there is a certain picturesqueness about these proceedings which pleases me."

Concepcion Vara, indeed, supplied a portion of this romantic atmosphere, for he was dressed in the height of contrabandista fashion, with a bright-coloured handkerchief folded round his head underneath his black hat, a scarlet waistcloth, a spotless shirt, and a flower in the ribbon of his hat.

He was dignified and leisurely, but so far forgot himself as to sing as he threw his leg across his horse. A dark-eyed maiden had come as far as the corner of the Calle Veija, and stood there watching him with mournful eyes. He waved her salutation as he passed.

"It is the waiting-maid at the *venta* where I stay in Ronda. What will you?" he explained to Conyngham with a modest air, as he cocked his hat further on one side.

The sun rose as they emerged from the narrow streets into the open country that borders the road to Bobadilla. A pastoral country this, where the land needs little care to make it give more than man requires for his daily food. The evergreen oak studded over the whole plain supplies food for countless pigs, and shade, where the herdsmen may dream away the sunny days. The rich soil would yield two or even three crops in the year were the necessary seed and labour forthcoming. Underground the mineral wealth outvies the richness of the surface, but national indolence leaves it unexplored.

"Before General Vincente one could not explain one's self," said Concepcion, urging his horse to keep pace with the trot of Conyngham's mount.

"Ah!"

"No," pursued Concepcion; "and yet it is simple. In Algeciras I have a wife. It is well that a man should travel at times. So"—he paused and bowed toward his companion with a gesture of infinite condescension—"so we take the road together."

"As long as you are pleased, Señor Vara," said Conyngham, "I am sure I can but feel honoured. You know I have no money."

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders.

"What matter?" he said—"what matter? We can keep an account—a mere piece of paper—so, Concepcion Vara, of Algeciras, in account current with F. Conyngham, Englishman. One month's wages at one hundred pesetas. It is simple."

"Very," acquiesced Conyngham; "it is only when pay-day comes that things will get complicated."

Concepcion laughed.

"You are a *caballero* after my own heart," he said. "We shall enjoy ourselves in Madrid. I see that."

Conyngham did not answer. He had remembered the letter and Julia Barenna's danger. He rose in his stirrups and looked behind him. Ronda was already hidden by intervening hills, and the bare line of the roadway was unbroken by the form of any other traveller.

"We are not going to Madrid yet," said Conyngham; "we are going to Xeres, where I have business. Do you know the road to Xeres?"

"As well that as any other, excellency."

"What do you mean?"

"I know no roads north of Ronda. I am of Andalusia, I," replied Concepcion easily, and he looked round about him with an air of interest which was more to the credit of his intelligence as a traveller than his reliability as a guide.

"But you engaged to guide me to Madrid."

"Yes, excellency, by asking the

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way," replied Concepcion with an easy laugh, and he struck a sulphur match on the neck of his horse to light a fresh cigarette.

Thus with an easy heart Frederick Conyngham set out on his journey, having for companion one as irresponsible as himself. He had determined to go to Xeres, though that town of ill-repute lay far to the westward of his road toward the capital. It would have been simple enough to destroy the letter entrusted to him by Julia Barenna, a stranger whom he was likely never to see again—simple enough and infinitely safer, as he suspected, for the billet-doux of Mr. Larralde smelt of grimmer things than love. But Julia Barenna, wittingly or in all innocence, appealed to that sense of chivalry which is essentially the quality of lonely men who have never had sisters, and Conyngham was ready to help Julia where he would have refused his assistance to a man, however hard pressed.

"Cannot leave the girl in a hole," he had said to himself, and proceeded to act upon this resolution with a steadiness of purpose for which some may blame him.

It was evening when the two travellers reached Xeres, after some weary hours of monotonous progress through the vine-clad plains of this country.

"It is no wonder," said Concepcion, "that the men of Xeres are malcontents when they live in a country as flat as the palm of my hand."

It happened to be a fête day, which in Spain, as in other countries farther North, is synonymous with mischief. The men of Xeres had taken advantage of this holiday to demonstrate their desire for more. They had marched through the streets with banner and song, arrayed in their best clothes, fostering their worst thoughts. They had consumed marvellous quantities of that small amontillado, which is, as it were, as thin fire to the blood, heating and degenerating at once. They had talked much nonsense and listened to more. Carlist or Christino, it was all the same to them so long as they had a change of some sort. In the mean time they had a desire to break something, if only to assert their liberty.

A few minutes before Conyngham and his guide rode into the market-place, which in Xeres is as long as a street, some of the free sons of Spain had thought fit to shout insulting remarks to a passer-by. With a fire too bright for his years, this old gentleman, with fierce white moustache and imperial, had turned on them, calling them good-for nothings and sons of pigs.

Conyngham rode up just in time to see the ruffians rise as one man and rush at the victim of their humour. The old man with his back to the wall beat back his assailants with a sort of fierce joy in his attitude which betokened the old soldier.

"Come on, Concepcion," cried Conyngham, with a dig of the spurs that made his tired horse leap into the air. He charged down upon the gathering crowd, which scattered right and left before the wild onslaught; but he saw the flash of steel, and knew that it was too late. The old man, with an oath and a gasp of pain, sank against the wall with the blood trickling through the fingers clasped against his breast. Conyngham would have reined in, but Concepcion on his heels gave the charger a cut with his heavy whip that made him bound forward, and would have unseated a short-stirruped rider.

"Go on!" cried the Spaniard; "it is no business of ours. The police are behind."

And Conyngham, remembering the letter in his pocket, rode on without looking back. In the day of which the present narrative treats the streets of Xeres were but ill-paved, and the dust lay on them to the depth of many inches, serving to deaden the sound of footsteps and facilitate the commission of such deeds of violence as were at this time of daily occurrence in Spain. Riding on at random, Conyngham and his companion soon lost their way in the narrow streets, and were able to satisfy themselves that none had followed them. Here, in a quiet alley, Conyngham read again the address of the letter of which he earnestly desired to rid himself without more ado.

It was addressed to Colonel Monreal, at No. 84 Plaza de Cadiz.

"Let his excellency stay here and drink a glass of wine at this *venta*," said Concepcion. "Alone, I shall be able to get information without attracting attention. And then in the name of the saints let us shake the dust of Xeres off our feet. The first thing we see is

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steel, and I do not like it. I have a wife in Algeciras, to whom I am much attached, and I am afraid—yes, afraid. A gentleman need never hesitate to say so."

He shook his head forebodingly as he loosened his girths and called for water for the horses.

"I could eat a *cocida*," he went on, sniffing the odours of a neighbouring kitchen, "with plenty of onions and all the mutton as becomes the springtime, young and tender. *Dios!* this quick travelling and an empty stomach, it kills one."

"When I have delivered my letter," replied Conyngham, "we shall eat with a lighter heart."

Concepcion went away in a pessimistic humour. He was one of those men who are brave enough on good wine and victuals, but lack the stamina to fight when hungry. He returned presently with the required information. The Plaza de Cadiz was, it appeared, quite close. Indeed, the town of Xeres is not large, though the intricacies of its narrow streets may well puzzle a newcomer. No. 84 was the house of the barber, and on his first floor lived Colonel Monreal, a retired veteran who had fought with the English against Napoleon's armies.

During his servant's absence Conyngham had written a short note in French, conveying in terms which she would understand the news that Julia Barenna doubtless awaited with impatience—namely, that her letter had been delivered to him whose address it bore.

"I have ordered your *cocida* and some good wine," he said to Concepcion. "Your horse also is feeding. Make good use of your time, for when I return I shall want you to take the road again at once. You must make ten miles before sleep to-night, and then an early start in the morning."

"For where, señor?"

"For Ronda."

Concepcion shrugged his shoulders. His life had been spent upon the road, his wardrobe since childhood had been contained in a saddle-bag, and Spaniards, above all people, have the curse of Ishmael. They are a homeless race, and lay them down to sleep when fatigue overtakes them under a tree or in the shade of a stone wall. It often happens that a worker in the fields will content himself with the lee side of a hay-stack for his resting-place, when his home is only a few hundred yards up the mountain-side.

"And his excellency?" inquired Concepcion.

"I shall sleep here to-night and proceed to Madrid to-morrow by way of Cordova, where I will wait for you. I have a letter here which you must deliver to the Señorita Barenna, at Ronda, without the knowledge of any one. It will be well that neither General Vincente nor any other who knows you should catch sight of you in the streets of Ronda."

Concepcion nodded his head with much philosophy.

"Ah! these women," he said, turning to the steaming dish of mutton and vegetables, which is almost universal in the South—"these women, what shoe leather they cost us!"

Leaving his servant thus profitably employed, Conyngham set out to find the barber's shop in the Plaza de Cadiz. This he did without difficulty, but on informing himself at the door of Colonel Monreal's apartment learnt that that gentleman was out.

"But," added the servant, "the colonel is a man of regular habits. He will return within the next fifteen minutes, for he dines at five."

Conyngham paused. He had no desire to make Colonel Monreal's acquaintance; indeed, preferred to remain without it, for he rightly judged that Señor Larralde was engaged in affairs best left alone.

"I have a letter for the colonel," he said to the servant, a man of stupid countenance. "I will place it here upon his table, and can, no doubt, trust you to see that he gets it."

"That you can, excellency," replied the man, with a palm already half extended to receive a gratuity.

"If the colonel fails to receive the letter I shall certainly know it," said Conyngham, stumbling down the dark staircase and well pleased to have accomplished his mission.

He returned with all speed to the inn in the quiet alley, where he had elected to pass the night, and found Concepcion still at table.

"In half an hour I take the road," said the Spaniard; "the time for a cup of coffee, and I am ready to ride all night."

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Having eaten, Concepcion was in a better frame of mind, and now cheerfully undertook to carry out his master's instructions. In little more than half an hour he was in the saddle again, and waved an airy adieu to Conyngham as he passed under the swinging oil-lamps that hung at the corner of the street.

It was yet early in the evening, and Conyngham, having dined, set out to explore the streets of Xeres, which were quiet enough now, as the cafés were gayer and safer than the gloomy thoroughfares, where a foe might be in every doorway. In the market-place, between rows of booths and tents, a dense crowd walked backward and forward, with that steady sense of promenading which the Spaniard understands above all other men. The dealers in coloured handkerchiefs from Barcelona or mantillas from Seville were driving a great trade, and the majority of them had long since shouted themselves hoarse. A few quack dentists were operating upon their victims under the friendly covert of a big drum and a bassoon. Dealers in wonderful drugs and herbs were haranguing the crowd, easily gaining the attention of the simple peasants by handling a live snake or a crocodile, which they allowed to crawl upon their shoulders.

Conyngham mingled in the crowd, which was orderly enough, and amused himself by noting the credulity of the country folk, until his attention was attracted by a solemn procession passing up the market-place behind the tents. He inquired of a bystander what this might be.

"It is the police carrying to his *appartement* the body of Colonel Monreal, who was murdered this afternoon in the Plaza Major," was the answer.

Conyngham made his way between two tents to the deserted side of the market-place, and running past the procession, reached the barber's shop before it. In answer to his summons a girl came to the door of the colonel's *appartement*. She was weeping and moaning in great mental distress.

Without explanation Conyngham pushed past her into the room where he had deposited the letter. The room was in disorder, and no letter lay upon the table.

"It is," sobbed the girl, "my husband, who, having heard that the good colonel had been murdered, stole all his valuables and papers, and has run away from me."

CHAPTER XI.

A TANGLED WEB.

"Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true to be true."

"And would you believe it, there are soldiers in the house, at the very door of Julia's apartments." Señora Barenna, who made this remark, heaved a sigh and sat back in her cane-work chair with that jerkiness of action which in elderly ladies usually betokens impatience with the ways of young people.

"Policemen—policemen, not soldiers," corrected Father Concha patiently, as if it did not matter much. They were sitting in the broad, vine-clad veranda of the Casa Barenna, that grim old house on the Bobadilla road, two miles from Ronda. The priest had walked thither, as the dust on his square-toed shoes and black stockings would testify. He had laid aside his mournful old hat, long since brown and discoloured, and was wiping his forehead with a cheap pocket-handkerchief of colour and pattern rather loud for his station in life.

"Well, they have swords," persisted the lady.

"Policemen," said Father Concha, in a stern and final voice, which caused Señora Barenna to cast her eyes upward with an air of resigned martyrdom.

"Ah, that alcalde!" she whispered between her teeth.

"A little dog when it is afraid growls," said Concha philosophically. "The alcalde is a very small dog, and he is at his wits' end. Such a thing has not occurred in Ronda before, and the alcalde's world is Ronda. He does not know whether his office permits him to inspect young ladies' love-letters or not."

"Love-letters!" ejaculated Señora Barenna. She evidently had a keen sense of the romantic, and hoped for something more tragic than a mere flirtation begotten of idleness at sea.

"Yes," said Concha, crossing his legs and looking at his companion with a queer cynicism; "young people mostly pass that way."

He had had a tragedy, this old man,

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one of those grim tragedies of the cassock which English people rarely understand. And his tragedy sat beside him on the cane chair, stout and eminently worldly, while he had journeyed on the road of life with all his illusions, all his half-fledged aspirations untouched by the cold finger of reality. He despised the woman now. The contempt lurked in his cynical smile, but he clung with a half-mocking, open-eyed sarcasm to his memories.

"But," he said reassuringly, "Julia is a match for the alcalde, you may rest assured of that."

Señora Barenna turned with a gesture of her plump hands indicative of bewilderment.

"I do not understand her. She laughs at the soldiers—the policemen I mean. She laughs at me. She laughs at everything."

"Yes; it is the hollow hearts that make most noise in the world," said Concha, folding his handkerchief upon his knee. He was deadly poor, and had a theory that a folded handkerchief remains longer clean. His whole existence was an effort to do without those things that make life worth having.

"Why did you send for me?" he asked.

"But to advise me, to help me. I have been all my life cast upon the world alone—no one to help me, no one to understand. No one knows what I have suffered. . . . My husband—"

"Was one of the best and most patient of mortals, and is assuredly in heaven, where, I hope, there are a few mansions reserved for men only."

Señora Barenna fetched one of her deepest sighs. She had a few lurking at the depths of her capacious being reserved for such occasions as this. It was, it seemed, no more than her life had led her to expect.

"You have had," went on her spiritual adviser, "a life of ease and luxury, a husband who denied you nothing. You have never lost a child by death, which, I understand, is . . . one of the greatest sorrows that God sends to women. You are an ungrateful female."

Señora Barenna, whose face would have graced one of the very earliest of the martyrs, sat with folded hands waiting until the storm should pass.

"Do you wish me to see Julia?" asked Concha abruptly.

"Yes, yes; and persuade her to conciliate the alcalde, to tell him some story or another. It does not surely matter if it be not the strict truth—anything to get these men out of the house. My maid, Maria, is so flighty! Ah, those young people! What a trial, my dear padre—what a trial!"

"Of course," said Father Concha; "but what a dull world it would be if our neighbour knew how to manage his own affairs. Shall we go to Julia?"

The perturbed lady preferred that the priest should see her daughter alone. A military-looking individual in white trousers and a dark green tunic stood guard over the door of Julia's apartment, seeking by his attitude and the curl of his moustache to magnify his office in the eyes of a maid who happened to have an unusual amount of cleaning to do in that particular corridor.

"Ah!" said Father Concha, by no means abashed by the sentinel's sword—"ah, it is you, Manuel. Your wife tells me you have objections to the christening of that last boy of yours—No. 5, I think. Bring No. 5 on Sunday, after Vespers—eh? You understand, and a little something for the poor. It is pay-day on Saturday. And no more nonsense about religion. Manuel—eh?"

He shook his lean finger in the official's face and walked on unchallenged.

"May I come in?" he said, tapping at the door, and Julia's voice bade him enter.

He closed the door behind him and laid aside his hat. Then he stood upright, and slowly rubbing his hands together, looked at Julia with the humorous twinkle in his eye and its companion dimple twitching in his lean cheek. Then he began to feel his pockets, passing his hands down his worn cassock.

"Let me see, I had a love-letter. . . . Was it from Don Carlos? At all events, I have lost it!"

He laughed, made a perfunctory sign of the cross, and gave her his blessing. Then, his face having become suddenly grave, as if by machinery, at the sound of the solemn Latin benediction, he sat down.

Julia looked worn and eager. Her eyes seemed to search his face for news.

"Yes, my dear child," he said, "politics are all very well as a career,

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but without a distinct profit they are worth the attention of few men, and never the attention of a woman."

He looked at her keenly, and she turned to the window, which was open to admit the breath of violets and other flowers of the spring. She shrugged her shoulders and gave a sharp sigh.

"See here, my child," said Padre Concha abruptly, "for reasons which concern no one I take a great interest in your happiness; you resemble some one whose welfare was once more important to me than my own. That was long ago, and I now consider myself first, as all wise men should. I am your friend, Julia, and much too old to be over-scrupulous. I peep and pry into my neighbour's affairs, and I am uneasy about you, my child."

He shook his head and drummed upon the table with his dirty fingers.

"Thank you," answered the girl, with her defiant little laugh; "but I can manage my own affairs."

The priest nodded reflectively.

"Yes," he said; "it is natural that you should say that. One of the chief blessings of youth is self-confidence. Heaven forbid that I should shake yours. But, you see, there are several people who happen to be anxious that this little affair should blow over and be forgotten. The alcalde is a mule, we know that; and anything that serves to magnify himself and his office is likely to be prolonged. Do not play into his hand. On the other side, there are some who wish to forget this incident, and one of them is coming to see you this afternoon."

"Ah!" said the girl indifferently.

"General Vincente."

Julia changed colour, and her eyelids flickered for a moment as she looked out of the open window.

"A good friend," continued Concha, "but . . ."

He finished the phrase with an eloquent little gesture of the hand. At this moment they both heard the sound of an approaching carriage.

"He is coming now," said Concha; "he is driving, so Estella is with him."

"Estella is, of course, jealous."

The priest looked at her with a slow, wise smile, and said nothing.

"She," began Julia, and then closed her lips, true to that *esprit de sexe* which has ruled through all the ages. Then Julia Barenna gave a sharp sigh as her mind reverted from Estella's affairs to her own.

Sitting there in silence, the two occupants of the quiet room heard the approach of steps and the clink of spurs in the corridor.

"It is the reverendo who visits the señorita," they heard the voice of the sentinel explain deprecatingly.

The priest rose and went to the door, which he opened.

"Only as a friend," he said. "Come in, general."

General Vincente entered the room, followed by Estella. He nodded to Concha and kissed his niece affectionately.

"Still obdurate?" he said, with a semi-playful tap on her shoulder—"still obdurate? My dear Julia, in peace and war the greatest quality in the strong is mercy. You have proved yourself strong—you have worsted that unfortunate alcalde—be merciful to him now, and let this incident finish."

He drew forward a chair, the others being seated, and laid aside his gloves. The sword, which he held upright between his knees, with his two hands resting on the hilt, looked incongruously large, and reached the level of his eyes. He gave a little chuckling laugh.

"I saw him last night at the Café Real. The poor man had the air of a funeral, and took his wine as if it were sour. Ah! these civilians, they amuse one; they take life so seriously."

He laughed and looked round on those assembled, as if inviting them to join him in a gayer and easier view of existence. The padre's furrowed face answered the summons in a sudden smile, but it was with grave eyes that he looked searchingly at the most powerful man in Andalusia, for General Vincente's word was law south of the Tagus.

The two men sat side by side in strong contrast. Fate, indeed, seems to shake men together in a bag and cast them out upon the world, heedless where they may fall; for here was a soldier in the priest's habit, and one carrying a sword who had the keen heart and sure sympathy for joy or sorrow that should ever be found within a black coat if the Master's work is to be well done.

General Vincente smiled at Estella

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with *sang froid* and an unruffled good nature, while the Padre Concha, whose place it surely was to take the lead in such woman's work as this, slowly rubbed his bony hands together at a loss and incompetent to meet the urgency of the moment.

"Our guest left us yesterday morning," said the general, "and of course the alcalde placed no hindrance on his departure."

He did not look at Julia, who drew a deep breath and glanced at Estella.

"I do not know if Señor Conyngham left any message for you with Estella, to me he said nothing," continued Estella's father; and that young lady shook her head.

"No," she put in composedly.

"Then it remains for us to close this foolish incident, my dear Julia, and for me to remind you, seeing you are fatherless, that there are in Spain many adventurers who come here seeking the sport of love or war, who will ride away when they have had their fill of either."

He ceased speaking with a tolerant laugh, as one who, being a soldier himself, would beg indulgence for the failings of his comrades, examined the hilt of his sword, and then looked blandly round on three faces which refused to class the absent Englishman in this category.

"It remains, my dear niece, to satisfy the alcalde, a mere glance at the letter . . . sufficient to satisfy him as to the nature of its contents."

"I have no letter," said Julia quietly, with her level red lips set firmly.

"Not in your possession, but perhaps concealed in some place at hand, unless it is destroyed."

"I have destroyed no letter, I have concealed no letter, and I have no letter," said the girl quietly.

Estella moved uneasily in her chair. Her face was colourless and her eyes shone. She watched her cousin's face intently, and beneath his shaggy brows the old priest's eyes went from one fair countenance to the other.

"Then," cried the general, rising to his feet with an air of relief, "you have but to assure the alcalde of this, and the whole incident is terminated—blown over, my dear Concha—blown over."

He tapped the priest on the shoulder with great good-nature. Indeed, the world seemed sunny enough and free from cares when General Vincente had to deal with it.

"Yes, yes," said the padre, snuff-box in hand; "blown over, of course."

"Then I may send the alcalde to you, Julia, and you will tell him what you have told us. He cannot but take the word of a lady."

"Yes, if you like," answered Julia.

The general's joy knew no bounds.

"That is well," he cried. "I knew we could rely upon your good sense. Kiss me, Julia; that is well. Come, Estella, we must not keep the horses waiting."

With a laugh and a nod he went toward the door.

"Blown over, my dear Concha," he said, over his shoulder.

A few minutes later the priest walked down the avenue of walnut-trees alone. The bell was ringing for Vespers, but the padre was an autocratic shepherd, and did not hurry toward his flock. The sun had set, and in the hollows of the distant mountains the shades of night already lay like a blue veil.

The priest walked on and presently reached the high road.

A single figure was upon it, the figure of a man sitting in the shadow of an ilex-tree, half a mile up the road toward Bobadilla. The man crouched low against a heap of stones, and had the air of a wanderer. His face was concealed in the folds of his cloak.

"Blown over," muttered the padre, as he turned his back upon Bobadilla and went on toward his church—"blown over, of course, but what is Concepcion Vara doing in the neighborhood of Ronda to-night?"

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE TOLEDO ROAD.

"Une bonne intention est une échelle trop courte."

Conyngham made his way without difficulty or incident from Xeres to Cordova, riding for the most part in front of the clumsy *diligencia*, wherein he had bestowed his luggage. The road was wearisome enough, and the last stages, through the fertile plains bordering the Guadalquivir, dusty and monotonous.

At Cordova the traveller found comfortable quarters in an old inn overlook-

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ing the river. The ancient city was then, as it is now, a great military centre, and the headquarters of the picturesque corps of horsetamers, the *Remonta*, who are responsible for the mounting of a cavalry and the artillery of Spain. Conyngham had, at the suggestion of General Vincente, made such small changes in his costume as would serve to allay curiosity and prevent that gossip of the stable and kitchen which may follow a traveller to his hurt from one side of a continent to the other.

"Wherever you may go, learn your way in and out of every town, and you will thus store up knowledge most useful to a soldier," the general had said in his easy way.

"See you," Concepcion had observed, wagging his head over a cigarette, "to go about the world with the eyes open is to conquer the world."

From his guide, moreover, whose methods were those that nature teaches to men who live their daily lives in her company, Conyngham learnt much of that road-craft which had raised Concepcion Vara to such a proud eminence among the rascals of Andalusia. Cordova was a good object upon which to practise, for Roman and Goth, Moor and Christian have combined to make its tortuous streets well-nigh incomprehensible to the traveller's mind.

Here Conyngham wandered, or else he sat somnolently on a seat in the Paseo del Gran Capitan, in the shade of the orange-trees, awaiting the arrival of Concepcion Vara. He made a few acquaintances, as every traveller who is not a bear must needs do in a country where politeness and hospitality and a grave good-fellowship are the natural habit of high and low alike. A bull-fighter or two, who beguiled the long winter months when the rings are closed by a little innocent horse-dealing, joined him quietly in the streets, and offered him a horse, as between gentlemen of undoubted honour, at a price much below the current value. Or it was, perhaps, a beggar who came to him on the old yellow marble seat under the orange-trees, and chatted affably about his business as being bad in these times of war. Once, indeed, it was a white-haired gentleman who spoke in English, and asked some very natural questions as to the affairs that brought an Englishman to the town of Cordova. This sweet-spoken old man explained that strangers would do well to avoid all questions of politics and religion, which he classed together in one dangerous whole. Nevertheless, Conyngham thought that he perceived his ancient friend the same evening hurrying up the steps of the Jesuit College of La Campania.

Two days elapsed and Concepcion Vara made neither appearance nor sign. On the second evening Conyngham decided to go on alone, prosecuting his journey through the sparsely populated valley of the Alcadia to Ciudad Real, Toledo, and Madrid.

"You will ride," the innkeeper told him, "from the Guadalquivir to the Guadiana, and if there is rain you may be a month upon the road."

Conyngham set out in the early morning, and as he threw his leg across the saddle the sun rose over the far misty hills of Ronda, and Concepcion Vara awoke from his night's rest under the wall of an olive terrace above the Bobadilla road, to begin another day of patient waiting and watching to get speech with the maid or the mistress, for he had already inaugurated what he lightly called "an affair" with Julia's flighty attendant. The sun rose also over the plains of Xeres, and lighted up the picturesque form of Esteban Larralde, in the saddle this hour and more, having learnt that Colonel Monreal's death took place an hour before Conyngham's arrival in the town of Xeres de la Frontera. The letter, therefore, had not been delivered to Colonel Monreal, and was still in Conyngham's possession.

Larralde bestrode a shocking steed, and had but an indifferent seat in the saddle, but the dust rose beneath his horse's feet, and his spurs flashed in the sunlight as this man of many parts hurried on toward Utera and Cordova.

In the old Moorish palace in Ronda, General Vincente, summoned to a great council of war at Madrid, was making curt military preparations for his journey and the conveyance of his household to the capital. Señora Barenna was for the moment forgetful of her nerves in the excitement of despatching servants in advance to Toledo, where she owned a summer residence. Julia was nervously anxious to be on the road again, and showed by every word and action that restlessness of spirit which

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is the inheritance of hungry hearts. Estella, quiet and self-contained, attended to the details of moving a vast and formal household with a certain eagerness, which in no way resembled Julia's feverish haste. Estella seemed to be one of those happy people who know what they want.

Thus Frederick Conyngham, riding Northward alone, seemed to be but a pilot to all those persons, into whose lives he had suddenly stepped as from a side issue, for they were one and all making ready to follow him to the colder plains of Castile, where existence was full of strife and ambition, of war and those inner wheels that ever jar and grind where politicians contend together for the mastery of a moment.

As he rode on, Conyngham left a message from time to time for his self-appointed servant. At the offices of the *diligencias* in various towns on the great road from Cordova to Madrid he left word for Concepcion Vara to follow, should the spirit of travel be still upon him, knowing that at these places, where travellers were ever passing, the tittle-tattle of the road was on the tongue of every hostler and stable help. And truly enough there followed one who made careful inquiries as to the movements of the Englishman, and heard his messages with a grim smile; but this was not Concepcion Vara.

It was late one evening when Conyngham, who had quitted Toledo in the morning, began to hunger for the sight of the towers and steeples of Madrid. He had ridden all day through the bare country of Cervantes, where to this day Spain rears her wittiest men and plainest women. The sun had just set behind the distant hills of old Castile, and from the east, over Aranjuez, where the great river cuts Spain in two parts, from its centre to the sea, a gray cloud —a very shade of night—was slowly rising. The aspect of the brown plains was dismal, and on the horizon the rolling, unbroken land seemed to melt away into eternity and infinite space.

Conyngham reined in and looked around him. So far as eye could reach no house arose to testify to the presence of man. No labourer toiled home to his lonely hut, for in this country of many wars and interminable strife it has, since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, been the custom of the people to congregate in villages and small townships, where a common danger secured some protection against a lawless foe. The road rose and fell in a straight line across the tableland without tree or hedge, and Madrid seemed to belong to another world, for the horizon, which was distant enough, bore no sign of cathedral spire or castled height.

Conyngham turned in his saddle to look back, and there, not a mile away, the form of a hurrying horseman broke the bare line of the dusty road. There was something weird and disturbing in this figure, a suggestion of pursuit in every line, for this was not Concepcion Vara. Conyngham would have known him at once. This was one wearing a better coat; indeed, Concepcion preferred to face life and the chances of the road in shirt-sleeves.

Conyngham sat in his saddle awaiting the newcomer. To meet on such a road in Spain without pausing to exchange a salutation would be a gratuitous insult; to ride in solitude within hail of another traveller were to excite or betray the deepest distrust. It was characteristic of Conyngham that he already waved his hand in salutation, and was prepared to hail the newcomer as the jolliest companion in the world.

Esteban Larralde, seeing the salutation, gave a short laugh, and jerked the reins of his tired horse. He himself wore a weary look, as if the flight he had in hand were an uphill one. He had long recognised Conyngham; indeed, the chase had been one of little excitement, but rather an exercise of patience and dogged perseverance. He raised his hat to indicate that the Englishman's gay salutations were perceived, and pulled the wide brim well forward again.

"He will change his attitude when it becomes apparent who I am," he muttered.

But Conyngham's first word would appear to suggest that Esteban Larralde was a much less impressive person than he considered himself.

"Why, it's the devout lover!" he cried. "Señor Larralde, you remember me—Algeciras—and your pink love-letter. Deuced fishy love-letter that. Nearly got me into a devil of a row, I can tell you. How are you—eh?"

And the Englishman rode forward with a jolly laugh and his hand held

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out. Larralde took it without enthusiasm. It was rather difficult to pick a picturesque quarrel with such a person as this. Moreover, the true conspirator never believes in another man's honesty.

"Who would have expected to meet you here?" went on Conyngham.

"It is not so surprising as you think."

"Ah!"

There was no mistaking Larralde's manner, and the Englishman's gay, blue eyes hardened suddenly and rather surprisingly.

"No; I have followed you. I want that letter."

"Well, as it happens, Señor Larralde, I have not got your letter, and if I had I am not quite sure that I would give it to you. Your conduct in the matter has not been over-nice; and to tell the truth, I don't think much of a man who gets strangers and women to do his dirty work for him."

Larralde stroked his moustache with a half-furtive air of contempt.

"I should have given the confounded letter to the alcalde of Ronda if it had not been that a lady would have suffered for it, and let you take your chance, Señor Larralde."

Larralde shrugged his shoulders.

"You would not have given it to the alcalde of Ronda," he said in a sneering voice, "because you want it yourself. You require it in order to make your peace with Estella Vincente."

"We are not going to talk of Señorita Vincente," said Conyngham quietly. "You say you followed me because you wanted that letter. It is not in my possession. I left it in the house of Colonel Monreal at Xeres. If you are going on to Madrid, I think I will sit down here and have a cigarette. If, on the other hand, you propose resting here, I shall proceed, as it is getting late."

Conyngham looked at his companion with a nod and a smile, which was not in the least friendly and at the same time quite cheerful. He seemed to recognise the necessity of quarrelling, but proposed to do so as light-heartedly as possible. They were both on horseback in the middle of the road, Larralde a few paces in the direction of Madrid.

Conyngham indicated the road with an inviting wave of the hand.

"Will you go on?" he asked.

Larralde sat looking at him with glittering eyes and said nothing.

"Then I will continue my journey," said the Englishman, touching his horse lightly with the spur. The horse moved on and passed within a yard of the other. At this moment Larralde rose in his stirrups and flung himself on one side.

Conyngham gave a sharp cry of pain and threw back his head. Larralde had stabbed him in the back.

The Englishman swayed in the saddle, as if trying to balance himself; his legs bent back from the knee in the sharpness of a biting pain. The heavy stirrups swung free. Then, slowly, Conyngham toppled forward and rolled out of the saddle, falling on to the road with a thud.

Larralde watched him with a white face and staring eyes. Then he looked quickly round over the darkening landscape. There was no one in sight. This was one of the waste places of the world. Larralde seemed to remember the Eye that seeth even there, and crossed himself as he slipped from the saddle to the ground. He was shaking all over. His face was ashen, for it is a terrible thing to kill a man and be left alone with him.

Conyngham's eyes were closed. There was blood on his lips. With hands that shook like leaves Esteban Larralde searched the Englishman, found nothing, and cursed his ill-fortune. Then he stood upright, and in the dim light his face shone as if he had dipped it in water. He crept into the saddle, and rode on toward Madrid.

It was quite dark when Conyngham recovered consciousness. In turning him over to search his pockets Larralde had perhaps, unwittingly, saved his life by placing him in a position that checked the internal hemorrhage. What served to bring back the Englishman's wandering senses was the rumbling of heavy wheels and the crack of a great whip, as a cart laden with hay and drawn by six mules approached him from the direction of Toledo.

The driver of the team was an old soldier, as indeed were most of the Castilians at this time, and knew how to handle wounded men. With great care and a multitude of oaths he lifted Conyngham on to his cart and proceeded with him to Madrid.

(*To be continued.*)

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PARIS LETTER.

Ab Jove principium! Two mortals have this month been raised to immortality by decree of the French Academy, but they are not men of letters pure and simple; both owe their fame to politics more than to literature, and of one of them it must even be said that all his literary baggage consists of his political utterances; we allude to the Comte de Mun, the celebrated orator of the Catholic party, who will occupy in the Academy the chair vacated by Jules Simon. The other election was that of our young Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, who succeeds the late Challemel-Lacour. The Comte de Mun had as a competitor a man of letters of the best type, Ferdinand Fabre, the well-known author of *L'Abbé Tigrane*, and of other descriptions of clerical life, and yet he was elected without any difficulty on the first ballot. M. Hanotaux had *no competitor*, and yet came near being defeated! It took four ballots to elect him by the narrow margin of 18 votes to 16. Hereby hangs a tale. In fact, there are two tales instead of one, and both of them are true.

For a few weeks before the election it was an open secret that although M. Hanotaux's election seemed to be a foregone conclusion, a few blank ballots would be cast as a protest against his pro-Turkish foreign policy. MM. Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, among others, were loud in their denunciations of the author of the *Histoire Richelieu*. At the last moment the ranks of the opposition were unexpectedly reinforced on account of news from—Abyssinia! War—at least a war of words—had broken out between the two quondam friends, M. Gabriel Bonvalot, who is at the head of an official mission, and Prince Henri d'Orléans, who travels on his own account; and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs openly sided with the former. At once the personal friends of the Duc d'Aumale in the French Academy, but not the Duc himself, determined to retaliate with blank ballots. Had the Duc led his friends himself, M. Hanotaux would have been defeated, though unopposed. Such a result!

I may here notice that at the very moment when M. Hanotaux enters the Academy, the firm of Delagrave and Company publishes for the first time the political speeches of his predecessor, Challemel-Lacour. It will be a treat for the lovers of pure, straightforward clean-cut French.

I must state also that the membership of the French Academy is now complete—a very rare occurrence. And, by the way, the *doyen* of the Academy, the venerable Ernest Legouvé, who was born in February, 1807, enjoys also another and a very curious distinction. He still occupies now as a tenant, in the Rue Saint-Marc, the same apartment in which he was born ninety years ago, while it was tenanted by his father, also a member of the French Academy, and he never deserted it. I doubt whether any tenant in any city in the world can show such a record of faithfulness. And yet people will go on talking of French fickleness!

Nor do the French seem to be forgetful either, judging by the results of the first efforts made by a committee to raise funds for the erection of a monument to Dumas *fils*. The first list of subscriptions amounts to over 17,000 francs. The monument will be erected in one of the prettiest small parks in Paris, the Square Malesherbes, where the elder Dumas already has his statue, and where the statue of General Alexandre Dumas, the mulatto friend and companion of Bonaparte, will soon look over the effigies of his son and grandson. There is very little doubt that the name of the square, which, by the way, is overlooked by the house in which Meissonier had his studio, will then be changed to Square Alexandre Dumas.

The subscription for a monument to Verlaine does not succeed so well; only 2200 francs have been raised thus far, in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the poet's most fervent admirers.

The Goncourt sales are now nearly completed. All that has yet to be sold consists of the eighteenth century prints, the sale of which begins on the 26th instant, the modern prints, and then some not very valuable modern furniture. Daudet declares himself well satisfied, although the amount received is still far short of the sum needed to

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give immediate existence to the new Academy. Its ultimate establishment, however, seems now practically assured. I understand that there will be less trouble on the part of relatives than was feared some time ago. A curious item concerning one of the last sales is that a collection made by Edmond de Goncourt of all the press utterances caused by his brother Jules' death brought in no less than 2300 francs.

The Bibliothèque Nationale has just been the recipient of a gift of the highest interest. Émile Ollivier, the too famous minister of Napoleon III., who now lives in quiet retirement in a small hôtel in the Rue Desbordes-Valmore, in Passy, was appointed a few years ago her executor by Mlle. Valentine de Lamartine, the niece and sole heiress of the poet. He thus came in the possession of all of Lamartine's manuscripts, and he has decided to give them to the National Library, where they have now been deposited. They consist of sixty-two pencil-written books of rather small size, of which thirty-eight contain all the poetical productions of Lamartine; the rest are filled with the prose works. It must be said, however, that of the latter a great deal is missing. Only a small part of the *Girondins* is there; the whole of the *Cours Familier de Littérature* is missing; so is the *Histoire de la Restauration*, and the same applies to a few other works of minor importance; but *Graziella* is there, with *Raphaël*, the rest of the *Confidences* and the *Voyage en Orient;* and as Lamartine was essentially a poet, the gift contains, perhaps, all that his sincerest worshippers will desire to handle, and also all that the literary workers of the future will desire to consult. Care will be taken, by the way, that the manuscripts do not suffer on account of being in pencil, and the writing will be "fixed" by chemical process. It is well known that Hugo's manuscripts, which were kept by him in a much better condition, are now already the property of the Library, and that the manuscripts of his posthumous works are added to the stock as soon as these are published. Our great literary repository will thus possess in their original form the productions of the two greatest French poets. It is to be hoped that the Musset family may add thereto all the manuscripts of the poet of the *Nuits*.

From the dead poets to the living. A number of French theatres are now in the habit of presenting to the public, during Holy Week, plays of a religious character. It is a kind of revival of the mediæval Mysteries and miracle plays. These plays are of very unequal literary merit. This year we have had one which is the work of a true poet, *La Samaritaine*, by Eugène Rostaud, which was performed at the Renaissance by Sarah Bernhardt and her company, and published in the *Revue de Paris*. The play is described as a "gospel in three acts." Whether the religiously inclined will be entirely satisfied, or whether they will not be even somewhat shocked, may be questioned, but there can be no doubt as to the beauty and sweetness of M. Rostaud's Alexandrians. It may be noticed here that some of the innovations of the poets of the new school, the most reasonable ones, have been admitted by M. Rostaud in his versification. I think that he is the first to do so in a dramatic work intended for the public at large. His success has been very great.

While the *Revue de Paris* was giving us this poetical treat, for literary criticism we had to turn to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where Émile Faguet publishes a great, or rather a long, article on Sainte-Beuve. What strikes him most in Sainte-Beuve is that he was homely and sensuous. His antipathy against the great critic appears everywhere in the article—one of the most heavily written that has come from even his ponderous pen. Anyone who compares Faguet's style with Sainte-Beuve's will easily understand the reason of the former's dislike of the latter. But Sainte-Beuve can stand it. A much better piece of work is André Hallays' *Beaumarchais* in Jusserand's *Collection des Grands Écrivains Français*. It is thoughtful, accurate, and pointedly written, somewhat marred, however, by too strong a dislike of the author for the subject of the sketch.

One of the successes of the month is Albert Lavignac's *Voyage Artistique à Bayreuth*. It is a book that was needed, and one in which the lover of Wagner's music finds about all he needs to know of the master and his works. Though essentially a musician, the author writes in a very readable and at times even an attractive style. The book bids fair to be a French pendant to Mr. Krehbiel's

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How to Listen to Music. It is intelligently illustrated.

Léo Taxil has laid bare the Diana Vaughan mystery; it is, just as was surmised by all reasonable people, that Diana was invented by Léo, who, moreover, announces that all his life, since his pretended conversion, has been nothing but a huge joke. Let us hope that this is the last we shall ever hear of him. How anybody could take him seriously has always passed my comprehension.

Both of our Salons are now open; there is not very much in them that is especially interesting from the standpoint of literary life; in the Champs Élysées, Joseph Bertrand's portrait by Bonnat, the bust of Sardou by Sarah Bernhardt, and the model by Raoul Verlet of poor Guy de Maupassant's monument, a charming inspiration. In the Champ de Mars we have in painting the decorative panels for "Gyp's" library by Couty and Carrier Belleuse; in sculpture, Rodin's masterly composition, Victor Hugo listening to the Voices of the Sea. It is simply superb.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, May 1, 1897.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

As all the letters noticed in this number were left over from last month, it is unnecessary to make any preliminary remarks, but we proceed at once to get down to the work that is cut out for us.

I.

In the April number of THE BOOKMAN one of our reviewers, in noticing a collection of Miss Magruder's stories, states that "it is hardly probable that a Virginia girl who had never before been out of her State would use the word 'clever' in its ordinary English sense." On this point we have received an interesting letter from Professor Thomas R. Price of Columbia University, in which he says:

"In this your reviewer is herself in error. That use of the word 'clever' which is recognised in English dictionaries as the only correct use is the one use that is known in Virginia. So, if Miss Magruder makes her Virginia girl employ the word in this sense, she happens to be in full accord both with the Virginia mode of speech and with the English language."

What makes Professor Price's criticism the more interesting is the fact that the reviewer in question is herself a native of the South, though not of Virginia.

II.

This came on a postal-card from Worcester, Massachusetts:

"'Six thousand words *is* too much.' 'Three thousand words *is* his form.' The above expressions occur in the article on 'How to Write a Short Story,' by Harold Frederic in THE BOOKMAN for March. Is this use of a plural noun with a singular verb defensible?"

We presume that Mr. Frederic regards "six thousand words" as being what Educationists call a singular concept, and hence his use of it with a verb in the singular is quite defensible. Take something else than words, for instance: "Ten thousand dollars is a good bit of money." That is a natural way of speaking, for one thinks of the dollars as constituting a lump sum, an entity, an amount—in other words, something that in its effect upon the mind is singular rather than plural. See our remarks about "the United States *is*," a year or more ago.

III.

A correspondent criticises the writer of our Paris Letter for using the expression "quite a while," and asks if it is correct. We answer that it certainly is. If reference be made to the passage in question it will be apparent that the words "a while" there perform the part of a temporal adverb, and as such may be modified by the other adverb "quite."

IV.

The last two criticisms lead us to remark that again and again our correspondents pick out solecisms and linguistic infelicities of various sorts from the contributed articles in THE BOOKMAN, and ask whether we disclaim all responsibility for them. One gentleman who writes from Philadelphia puts it in this way:

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"I would like to ask, assuming that the matters herein pointed out are errors, is it not the province of an editor to correct them? I ask this, not in a critical spirit as to your part, but simply because I wish to have your views, as the question has a practical bearing on my own daily work."

On this point we have to answer that we do not feel a very strict responsibility for the locutions of writers who attach their names to what they write. They are literary folk of reputation, and we assume that our readers enjoy observing not only what these persons say, but how they say it; and so, in general, we leave the responsibility with them, inasmuch as they are perfectly able to fight their own battles. Anything that is evidently due to pure carelessness, however, we alter, and we likewise pull them up when they run counter to our especial prejudices. Thus, if an archangel were to send us a communication containing a split infinitive we should unsplit it with great promptitude, nor should we allow him to use an apparent object after the passive verb. Otherwise, we just stand on one side and remain neutral.

V.

This same gentleman asks us some other questions which we condense slightly, and then answer:

(1) "Mr. Brander Matthews writes 'we had best.' While it is true that 'had better, had best, had rather' are, as Webster says, 'well-established idiomatic forms,' yet is it not also true that they are not grammatically correct? Is it not true that the better form is 'would better,' etc.?"

Yes; but there is no use objecting to an idiom that is a century or two old, and that does not violate the essential spirit of language as does such a sentence as "he was given a dinner."

(2) "You say, in your January issue (p. 404), 'Mr. Le Gallienne . . . has not had justice done him.' Is not this sailing dangerously near the rocks of the 'loathsome' passive voice construction?"

Not at all. In this sentence "him" is the dative, and not the objective (accusative) case.

(3) "Your reply to Mr. Sage's criticism of 'there *has* been a number' seems very unsatisfactory."

Awfully sorry.

VI.

Two gentlemen in San Diego, California, have had a controversy over the correctness of a sentence, and they very politely say that they will accept our decision as final. One of them writes:

"Is the following sentence grammatically correct: 'To-day is Thursday; yesterday, to-morrow was Thursday; to-day, to-morrow is Friday; and to-morrow, to-morrow will be Saturday?'"

We reply that the sentence is both grammatically and psychologically correct. To-morrow, as such and in its essential to-morrowness, has no objective existence, but must be always a purely mental conception; for when the time thought of as "to-morrow" actually comes around, it is no longer "to-morrow" but "to-day." Hence it can exist only in the present, and one should always say "to-morrow *is* so-and-so," and not "to-morrow *will be* so-and-so"—for it won't. This question is often debated; but it is really as simple as can be. By the way, the sentence submitted to us is very cleverly constructed to bring out the idea.

VII.

A correspondent in New Orleans writes:

"In the study in hexameters entitled 'Money,' which appeared in your issue for March, I was rather struck by the episode of the Roman emperor. Can you tell me whether it is a purely imaginary creation or has it some historical basis? I am quite a reader of the classics, but do not recall anything of the sort in my reading."

In its details it is purely imaginary, but it was suggested by the following sentence in the life of the emperor Caligula, written by Suetonius (ch. 42), which we translate from the Latin:

"Finally, being mastered by an overwhelming desire to feel money, he took off his slippers, walked again and again over great heaps of gold coins that were spread over the spacious floor, and at last, lying down, he rolled his whole body in the gold over and over again."

VIII.

A lady writes as follows from Phelps, New York:

"Will you kindly tell me through your columns whether Mr. I. Zangwill's name is 'Israel' or 'Isaac,' and can you give authority to convince the unbelieving?"

We have spoken of Mr. Zangwill as "Israel" because we observe that he is so spoken of by the English papers, whose editors ought to know. But we don't vouch for it. We are getting so wary of late that we don't vouch for anything. After all, Israel and Isaac are both

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fine names, and each of them has a lot of history connected with it.

IX.

Here is a querulous soul wailing in the remoteness of Topeka, Kansas :

"In the department of THE BOOKMAN'S Letter-Box, why do you say so much about yourselves ?"

Because of our natural egotism. We should think that this explanation would have occurred to anybody at once. But it should be remembered also that this is necessarily the egotistical department of the magazine. Most of the letters are letters containing direct criticisms of our theories, our language, and our opinions ; and we can't very well reply to them without saying something about ourselves. Now can we ?

NEW BOOKS.

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S "LIFE OF NELSON."*

From Captain Mahan much has been expected, and he has more than met the expectation. In point of workmanship his *Life of Nelson* is, on the whole, the best book that he has yet written ; and in one way it was undoubtedly the most difficult for him to write. It does not mark a new epoch in naval writing, as did his first volume on Sea Power, for it is not possible in a biography, however excellent, to do what Captain Mahan did when he first showed what many preceding writers—what very many statesmen—had felt more or less dimly, but what none had fairly formulated—that is, the overwhelming importance of sea power in the growth of the nations for the last two thousand years. But the very fact that it was not possible to make this volume remarkable by for the first time clearly formulating a principle of transcendent importance, the very fact that Captain Mahan is writing again a life that has already been written many times, that he is making a book on a subject for which it was not possible to find new material, makes his success all the more noteworthy. It is not usually safe to prophesy, but in this case there is small risk in saying that at last, and for all time, the life history of the greatest of all sea fighters has been written, by the one man able to write it as it should be written. There are two kinds of historians : one, the delver, the bricklayer, the man who laboriously gathers together bare facts ; and the other, the builder, the architect, who out of these facts makes the great edifice of history. Both are indispensable ; but it is only the latter who can be called an historian in the highest sense. Without a thorough and full knowledge of the details, generalisation is mere folly, and the man who tries to generalise on insufficient or misunderstood data is many degrees worse than the man who does not try to generalise at all, but merely gathers data. Nevertheless it is the generaliser really able to handle the subject who does the permanent work.

Captain Mahan has met the requirements necessary for an historian of the first class. He knows all the minute details of the subject so well that he can with an unsparing hand exercise the all-important right of rejection. Out of the immense mass of trivialities he selects the essential, and the essential only. Nelson lived and died in a light as fierce and brilliant as any that ever beat upon a throne, and there is not a single fact of importance in reference to his career now left to be gathered by the most industrious gleaner in the stubble of historical literature. All the facts of importance are practically uncontested. In consequence Captain Mahan has been able almost entirely to discard foot-notes, the necessary bane of the ordinary historian even of the first rank. The facts with which he deals are uncontested ; but the power and vividness with which he sets them forth, and the unerring sagacity of his deductions from them, are new, and are all his own. He writes with careful self-restraint, and with careful suppression of all that is in any way redundant, or aside from his main theme. His style is concise and clear ; it is simple, and yet it rises level to the needs of the feats of wonderful heroism which he describes. In short, the book has the vigour and the simplicity that mark the classic in any tongue. Biography, like

* The Life of Nelson. By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL D. 2 vols. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. $8.00.

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portrait painting, is perhaps the most difficult branch of the art of which it is a part; and Captain Mahan has written the best of all naval biographies, about the greatest of all sea captains, the man who was himself the embodiment of sea power in action.

Nelson's personality has always been strangely fascinating. He was one of those great men whose qualities are by no means such as we commonly associate with the national character of his people. The great English land commanders, the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons, have been men essentially English in their ways of action and habits of thought. Nelson loved England with that intensity of patriotism which marks every man of the highest stamp, and he hated the French with lifelong and hereditary hatred. But when we pass below those mighty powers of the soul which are possessed by the great commanders of every race and every time, we find in Nelson the traits which in popular estimation go to make up a French rather than an English type of character. In the little, shrivelled, active man, never in robust health, hating field sports, not fond of country life, with the words "glory and honour" ever on his lips and in his heart, unfaithful to his wife and faithful to his mistress, loyal to his subordinates, courteous, kindly, effusive and nervous, full of simple vanity, bitterly mortified by censure or sneers—whether of friends or enemies—and possessed of a valour so headlong and impetuous as always to balance the chance of great success against the chance of great failure, we see the very opposite of men like the Duke of Wellington, cold, cautious, self-contained, indifferent to the opinion of others, incapable of behaving with generosity or of being drawn into any feat of reckless daring. The Nelson type is far more nearly akin to that of Napoleon's marshals, far more nearly akin to the type of the Bailli de Suffren. Among warriors Nelson differs as widely from so characteristically English a type as Wellington, as among poets Shelley differs from an English type like Wordsworth.

By this it is not meant in the least to imply that he was merely a brilliant, fiery, dashing fighter, incapable of cool forethought, and trusting merely to pluck and luck in his battles. His courage was as steadfast as it was daring. His genius shone as brightly when year in and year out he kept the sea with weather-shattered ships, watching the blockaded fleet of his foes, as in the supreme hour of glorious and triumphant battle. He could dare greatly, and he possessed the splendid and noble bravery that accepts risks and fronts the possibilities of defeat in the effort to wrest from hostile fortune those victories that are yielded only to the great masters of war; but no man was ever more unwearying in preparing for battle, no man ever planned more carefully to secure for his own side the advantage of material and tactical odds. He knew with what opponents it was best to manœuvre carefully, and with what others it was best to throw aside manœuvring and trust merely to hard pounding. He was ever ready in time of need to face heavy odds with a fine indifference, begotten not merely of confidence in the prowess of himself and his captains, but of lofty adherence to a high ideal of duty. Nevertheless, he sought whenever possible to have the odds on his side and so to use his force as to crush in battle a less skilful adversary. In his own phrase, he knew that though a victory may be gained by an inferior body, only numbers can annihilate; that at least an equality, and if possible a superiority of force, is needed in most cases to turn defeat into an overwhelming and irretrievable catastrophe.

The key to Nelson's character is to be found in his steady following of glory and honour, his eager desire for the fame which comes to those who win honour; "honour" which, as Captain Mahan finely puts it, "is to glory what character is to reputation." In this age of material prosperity, when the average man is prone to forget that material prosperity may be only a curse if unaccompanied by moral greatness, it is well for any one to study the life of such a man as Nelson. He was incapable, not merely of the baseness of material corruption into which men like Marlborough sink, but of the meanness which would balance money against the really great prizes of life. Like all noble and lofty natures, he saw that glory and honour give what riches can never give. The architects of a nation's material prosperity do much, but they can never do as much as the men who build up the structure of glorious memories and traditions which forms the rare in-

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heritance of a mighty and masterful people. The victories of peace are great, but the victories of war are greater. No merchant, no banker, no railroad magnate, no inventor of improved industrial processes, can do for any nation what can be done for it by its great fighting men. No triumph of peace can equal the armed triumph over malice domestic or foreign levy. No qualities called out by a purely peaceful life stand on a level with those stern and virile virtues which move the men of stout heart and strong hand who uphold the honour of their flag in battle. It is better for a nation to produce one Grant or one Farragut than a thousand shrewd manufacturers or successful speculators.

Nelson possessed that extremely nervous temperament which men of simple wit and dull perception are apt to look down upon; but, like many other nervous men, his nervousness disappeared, or rather took the form of dauntless and fiery energy, when once in battle; and it was accompanied by the most steadfast and resolute endurance. Like many other brave men, who not merely disregard danger and death, but, what is far harder, are able to endure unshaken the heaviest responsibility, he had his weaknesses. This mighty sea captain, this cripple whose name struck terror to all people who fought upon the ocean, this admiral who met his death unflinchingly in the greatest of all naval victories, was distinctly afraid of horses, and was uncomfortable even when driven.

His generosity was as marked as his valour. He appreciated, and showed that he appreciated, every deed of those who fought under him, and he made the welfare of the seamen who served in his ships his first study. In consequence he was rewarded with an enthusiasm of devotion which few men have ever deserved or obtained. He was a self-willed man, not unfrequently in trouble with his superiors, and sometimes guilty of a flagrant disobedience which would have been fatal to a man of less genius. In this, as in other respects, he was a bad man to imitate. A great soldier may disregard rules which must be binding upon all save those of transcendent ability. Nelson's occasional disobediences, like his occasional disregard of manœuvring, were traits which mean destruction if copied by men of less heroic mould.

Nelson possessed in the highest degree the combination of mental and moral power which must go to the make-up of all very great commanders. He possessed that forethought in preparation, that instant insight in a great crisis, which are indispensable; he possessed and exercised strategic and tactical skill of the highest order; and he possessed also that willingness, and indeed eager desire, for fierce and desperate fighting, the lack of which cannot be made up by any superiority of skill or tactics. Mere dogged courage can never conquer if pitted against equal courage and superior skill or superior material force. But the timid and skilful tactician will generally be beaten by the less skilful man who is able to give and take heavy punishment; and mere superiority of force avails nothing when the opponent is superior in both skill and resolution. Nelson's victories were generally won against odds in point of force. At Copenhagen this was not so; and the defeated Danes there fought fully as bravely as their victorious antagonists; but at Copenhagen the natural obstacles to be overcome were so great that it was in some ways the most striking of all of Nelson's triumphs. At the battle of Cape St. Vincent he showed the quality of the true military genius, for instead of merely doing his duty, he saw a chance which no one else saw, and in taking it dared to do what no one else would have dared. At the Nile and at Trafalgar he led an inferior force against a superior, and in each case the weaker side won an overwhelming triumph, because it was handled with far greater skill, and with far greater energy and resolution. Nowadays, when the naval architects of all countries strive year by year to outstrip one another in the race for more perfect guns and more perfect armour, men who ponder the lessons taught by the victories of Nelson will remember that though everything possible should be done to procure superiority in force and equipment, yet that—as with Tegetthoff at Lissa—the victory will lie with the bravest and most skilful captain even against a superior opponent, if this opponent displays any lack of nerve or of address.

There is no space in a review of this nature to try to follow even in outline Nelson's campaigns. They were the greatest of all campaigns fought upon the sea; they took place in what was, on the

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whole, the greatest of all wars; they were waged by the greatest of all sea captains; and in Captain Mahan they have found the best of all possible historians.

Theodore Roosevelt.

THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES.*

This is a book to read rather than to review, unless, indeed, one belongs to the Condensed Milk, or Liebig Extract, School of book reviewers, of whom Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine is the most conspicuous representative, and whose method it is to squeeze out everything of interest that a book contains and boil it down into a three-column notice, after reading which no one but a person with money to burn will ever think it necessary to purchase the book itself. We are not going to do anything so unfair to Dr. Donaldson Smith and to his publisher; for we want every one to read this particular book in its original form and to enjoy it as much as we have.

Whoever reads it at all is, in fact, bound to enjoy it; in the first place because of the way in which Dr. Donaldson Smith writes, and in the second place because he had such very interesting things to write about. And these two factors of an interesting book of travel and adventure are by no means often found in combination. It is really surprising how thoroughly tedious much good material can be made by one who has the gift of dulness. But Dr. Donaldson Smith is never dull. He writes away as though he really enjoys it, and not a bit academically, but in a good, wholesome, lively, conversational style, exactly as though he were sitting by your side and talking, which is the very best of all possible styles for a traveller's narrative. And what he has to tell is in itself worthy of so agreeable a literary setting. Dr. Donaldson Smith roved around certain regions of Africa in a most princely and sumptuous way and quite regardless of expense, having a retinue of some seventy or eighty "boys," a train of over a hundred camels, and every possible concomitant, from scientific apparatus to cigarettes. Nevertheless, he was told, when he started out, that he would surely be slaughtered by the Gallas or other dusky folk who had acquired a strong prejudice against white men because of the manner in which certain Italian explorers had treated them a short time before; and he was urged to take a larger force—in fact, a small army. But he had a strong belief in the virtue of tact, even in Darkest Africa, and so he started off with true American optimism and a special camel-load of gimcracks to be given to such natives as were willing to be good. How he succeeded and what he managed to accomplish make up the contents of this most entertaining book.

Perhaps the most conspicuous quality of the narrative is the way in which he turns on all sorts of side-lights that give one very fascinating glimpses into the conditions of domestic life among the natives. He never wastes any space in this, but in a few words casually hits off some curious phase or custom that shows how keen an observer he is and how full are his experience and knowledge. This makes his book a model for others who too often neglect these things as beneath the dignity of a five-hundred-page narrative, whereas they are just the very matters that one likes to know about. For instance, any one might have mentioned, as he does (p. 219), how he was waked up in the night by the squalling of a pickaninny; but scarcely any one would have added the amusing bit of information that the aforesaid pickaninny was promptly spanked into repose with a goat's-leg bone, which is the substitute for a rod with the Solomons of the Amara. Dr. Donaldson Smith's observations on the various African ladies whom he met are very good reading. Their continual tooth-brushing, their doubt as to whether white men are really good-looking or whether they are not repulsive; their general curiosity and the rather embarrassing way in which they sometimes showed it; their naïve attempts at flirtation, and their very reprehensible behaviour when he showed them a porcelain doll (p. 77), are all chronicled in a lively manner. Dr. Donaldson Smith saw a prospective bride and groom making love to one another by exchanging pinches (kissing being unknown in this part of Africa), and subsequently asked the lady what sort of a ceremony she would have to go through

* Through Unknown African Countries. By A. Donaldson Smith, M.D., F.R.G.S. New York: Edward Arnold. $4.00.

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with on her wedding day ; to which she cheerfully answered that there was no ceremony of a religious nature at all, but that she would first have to fight the bridegroom's other wives ! There seems to be a superfluity of women in this interesting country ; for many a native chief, after inquiring of the travellers why they hadn't brought their wives along, generously offered to give them two or three of his own if they wanted them, an offer that was the easier to decline because of the local feminine custom of staining the gums blue, shaving off the eyebrows, and tattooing crescents on the forehead as a substitute.

Dr. Donaldson Smith confirms the truth of the statement, which is as old as the time of James Bruce, that the Abyssinians gorge themselves with raw meat torn from the still quivering body of the slain animal ; but they rush off with it to a secluded spot to devour it, and in general do not like to be seen eating and drinking ; for it is good form to hold a cloth before the face when dining in company. Honey seems to enter largely into African dietetics, as do meal, goat's flesh, and a drink called *darde*, which is described as a safe beverage, not unlike the Mexican *pulque* in its taste, though not so insidious as one of our raw American diplomats found the latter some time ago. Game is very abundant, and in spite of our author's complaining about the dirt which the natives appear to have used as a seasoning, and in spite also of a species of ladybug that frequently introduced itself into the cooking, we cannot help thinking that African travel, when done in style, has a good many ameliorations. For instance, on Christmas Day, Dr. Donaldson Smith fell in with a certain Russian Prince Boris, who was also doing some exploration on his own account, and the two parties combined their culinary resources for a Christmas dinner. This was in the wildest part of unexplored Africa ; yet they sat down in a large tent carpeted with zebra-skins and adorned with flowers, at a table beautified with a large floral centre-piece and supplied with a banquet consisting of oryx soup, *filet de bœuf*, grouse, *croquettes de cervelle*, strawberry tarts, peaches, champagne, brandy-and-soda, and cigarettes. When the Fourth of July came around, Dr. Donaldson Smith, like a good American, celebrated it with another civilised dinner, displayed the Stars and Stripes, fired numerous salvoes from his rifles, and wound up at night with a special salute from his elephant-gun.

The natives in general behaved very well, and Dr. Donaldson Smith's tact, plus his presents worked like a charm. There was some fighting, and the doctor and his boys gave a good account of themselves, so that the Arbore who attacked them conceived a very wholesome respect for the repeating rifles, which they had at first contemptuously styled "water-throwers," evidently taking them for squirts. The book contains some very amusing accounts of the present-giving. One set of natives, the dwarfish Dume, were conciliated with sheets of tin, which they cut up into disks for their noses, and with jelly, which they relished greatly, though they thought it was a preparation of blood—a notion which enhanced its attractiveness for them. All sorts and conditions of Africans were immensely interested and astonished by the sight of picture-books in colours ; and the porcelain doll already mentioned, which was tinted, delighted them so much that at the sight of it they hugged each other and danced about in glee. A very diverting incident happened to one of the party who had gone off hunting without taking any presents with him, and who met a party of Aulihans and deemed it politic to propitiate them. After racking his brain for a happy thought, it suddenly occurred to him to soak off the pink label from a jam-pot and stick it on the forehead of their chief man. Probably nothing that the party ever gave in the way of a present was so complete a success ; for the recipient stalked about, exulting in its magnificence, until the giver had departed amid universal applause and gratitude.

We have said nothing about the scientific side of Dr. Donaldson Smith's observations. The value of these has been so widely recognised, both in this country and in England, as to make it scarcely necessary here to do more than mention them. Suffice it to say that his geographical notices are very full and very informing, and that his collections, which are now on view at the University of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, contain a number of new and interesting species, and are also very complete in other ways. The sportsman, also, will

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find much to attract him in the narrative, for the author bagged game of every kind, big and little, from elephants, rhinoceroses, and zebras, to grouse and quail. Some very significant information is also given at first hand about the military organisation, local government, and general civilisation of the Abyssinians, which, in view of the important part which these people have lately played in Africa and indirectly in European politics, will prove highly instructive to the student of contemporary history.

A word should be said in especial commendation of the illustrations, which are very numerous and admirably executed. They compare most favourably with those in *Farthest North*, which is the other book of travel now before the public mind. Looking casually over the pages of Dr. Nansen's two volumes, one gets the impression that he must have devoted all his time while in the North to taking pictures of the *Fram's* crew at their meals. First you have a photograph of the crew at breakfast; then you find a photograph of the crew at luncheon; then a photograph of the crew at dinner; then a photograph of the crew enjoying a late supper; with minor views of the crew taking a bite between meals, and of the dog-watch getting up in the night to eat some more. This is, of course, quite reassuring in a way, for it shows that they really had enough to eat, and it prevents your feelings from getting harrowed up by the thought that perhaps the poor fellows were obliged to go hungry. Indeed, it creates something of a suspicion in one's mind that they never did anything else but eat. Yet the scientific value of these gustatory scenes is not entirely obvious to the ordinary observer; for after making a careful study of the text and of the supplementary diagrams, we cannot learn that the crew of the *Fram* did their eating in any novel hyperboreal way; but their manner of eating—their *modus edendi*—at the North Pole was precisely what it would have been at the South Pole, or in Larissa or Weehawken. In fact, they just ate. But the illustrations in this work of Dr. Donaldson Smith really illustrate. They are instructive, spirited, or entertaining, as the case may be, and they give additional interest to a volume that is, to our mind, the most valuable book of travel that has been published so far during the present year.

H. T. Peck.

A GALAHAD OF KENTUCKY.*

"No woman," says Gertrude Atherton, "can be interested in a man of the Sir Galahad type, as she must always regard him merely as an elongated male infant." On the other hand, we have it of John Gray, Mr. Allen's Sir Galahad, whose "strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure," that

> "over and above all other things, it was the effect of the unfallen in him, of the highest keeping itself above assault, of his first youth never yet brushed away as a bloom, that constituted to her his distinction among the men she had known."

The wide moral divergence of these two points of view marks the vital difference between what has been called the literature of disillusion and the literature that serves ideal ends. It is the difference between the ball-room and the homestead: the one all sparkling and irritating and superficial and dangerous; the other all profound and calm and healthful and mighty. In a recent novel belonging to the former class it is written of one of the characters, as he plunges into vicious pleasure, that, like the diver, he had a sacred passion for the depths. In striking antithesis to this it may be said that, like the Alpine climber, Mr. Allen has with John Gray, as he strives to reach the shining peaks of goodness, a sacred passion for the heights. That religious purity of John Gray's nature which rested upon him as a mantle visible to all eyes, but invisible to him, lies upon every page of *The Choir Invisible*, holding it aloof from the exciting, the insinuating, the cynical in our *fin de siècle* literature, and constituting its most powerful attraction—

> "the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion evermore intense."

The Choir Invisible bears upon its front that unspeakable repose, that unhurried haste which is the hall-mark of literature; it is alive with the passion of beauty and of pain; it vibrates with that incommunicable thrill which Stevenson called the tuning-fork of art. It is distinguished by a sweet and noble serious-

* The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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ness through which there strains the sunny light of a glancing humour, a wayward fancy, like sunbeams stealing into a cathedral close through stained-glass windows. Mr. Allen never touches life but to transform it; nothing is left common or unclean. *The Choir Invisible* comes down to us from a mount of transfiguration.

There is something very impressive in the opening overture, about which there goes a hum of expectancy as out of the gloom and silence of the forest there passes, like a bright memory issuing from the stillness of the past, the gay, lightsome figure of Amy Falconer, "perhaps the first beautiful girl of aristocratic birth ever seen in Kentucky, and the first of the famous train of those who for a hundred years since have wrecked or saved the lives of the men." It is with her entrance that "one of those trifles happens that contain the history of our lives." A chord is struck which, mingling with the voices of that choir invisible of a hundred years ago made audible, works in discord and touches all the harmony to finer issues of tragic passion. One by one the voices of the past join the general chorus —the deep vibrations of history, the unrest of the times, "life tense with martial passion," the struggle for conquest in the westward march of civilisation —which sweeps through us as it did through John Gray, "arousing him as the marshalling storm cloud, the rush of winds, and sunlight flickering into gloom kindle the sense of the high, the mighty, the sublime."

But from out that choir invisible, whose voices, now mute, once resounded in the green wilderness of Kentucky a century ago, there wander down to us the imperishable strains of an old melody that is ever new:

> "Life, with all it yields of joy and woe
> And hope and fear, ...
> Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love."

And in learning love to learn also the greatest of all lessons: how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong! This is the burden of the melody that issues from the life story of John Gray and Mrs. Falconer, sung as it has been by men and women since the morning stars sang together; sometimes faltering and failing in a tragic defeat that troubles life's harmonies, sometimes rising and triumphing in a tragic victory whose "music is the gladness of the world."

John Gray's entire character rested on the noiseless conviction that he was a man and a gentleman.

> "A fighter in the world he would always be. . . . But as he grew older, and the world in part conquered him as it conquers so many of us, would he go into his later battles as he had entered his earlier ones—to the measure of a sacred chant? Beneath the sweat and wounds of all his victories would he carry the white lustre of conscience, burning untarnished in him to the end."

That is the problem in which patience is the touchstone of our virtue. How does John Gray stand the test? Through a young man's egotistic affection for Amy, the niece of Mrs. Falconer, John Gray had been strongly attracted to the latter, whom he held in great reverence. When Amy jilts him, the schoolmaster meets with his first defeat and tragedy in life. There is a graphic description of a fight which takes place between John Gray and a cougar or "painter" in the schoolhouse. For days after this encounter he has to lie abed nursing his wounds. Mrs. Falconer visits him and tends him—this big, rude young Westerner whose rough log cabin is brightened for the first time by a woman's presence and transforming touch. Then she brings him that "old Bible of manhood," a copy of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and out of all these things there comes to him the first great awakening of his life in a love that is forbidden.

> "He upbraided himself the more bitterly for the influence of the book because it was she who had placed both the good and the evil in his hand, with perfect confidence that he would lay hold on the one and remain unsoiled by the other. She had remained spirit-proof herself against the influences that tormented him; out of her own purity she had judged him."

Then begins the tempest for John Gray. Like Sir Bedivere with Arthur on his shoulders, he hears the deep behind him, and a cry before, his own thought drives him like a goad—Love, with its "almighty justification," calling with a voice new, irresistible, to the deep meadows, strewn with passion flowers—the voice of conscience intoning its muffled, insistent appeal on the great wistful height of Silence. But up the steep he struggles, rising and falling, until the crest is gained in that last interview with Mrs. Falconer, when "Beauty sprang from the breast of pain, and the sight

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let the nobler passions play." This chapter in which John Gray climbs to the great watershed of his life is not only singular for its beauty and quiet power in a book that is remarkable for these qualities; it will go on record as one of the singularly beautiful chapters in the literature of modern fiction.

John's subsequent career will meet with varying judgment. The unrelenting irony of circumstance that pursues him goes too sorely against the tyranny of our common desire for happiness to be accepted with complacency. There is a daring audacity about it which we can only understand when we come to remember what the book as a whole stands for. John's conduct was the logical outcome of his character, of his rightful habitudes of mind, and the old beautiful submission of himself to the established laws of the world. "Always be a good man," had been Mrs. Falconer's last words to him. Goodness is the dominant chord to which the whole action is keyed; goodness, as an end in itself of the highest satisfaction, and not as a means of self-denying ordinance leading to a state of self-complacent happiness. Nevertheless, while John Gray will win universal admiration and sympathy, few will perhaps absolve him utterly. But where shall we find a flaw in Mrs. Falconer? In the beginning of her acquaintance with John Gray there was that characteristic manhood about him which, during his wooing of Amy, she thought, gave her the right to indulge a friendship for him such as she had never felt for any other man. She was one of the women who accept what life has brought them, although it has brought nothing for which they care; "her wifehood might be her martyrdom, but it was martyrdom inviolate." Her unsullied purity of heart and life, and her indestructible trust in John Gray, all through their friendship, are vindicated on that night when "with the loosening of her tears came the loosening of her hold upon what she had never acknowledged to herself—her love of him, the belief that he had loved her." The tragedy of their life deepens like a river as it seeks the sea, with unutterable passion, with pathos that heals while it rends the heart, but over its close there falls the hush of an infinite peace. Like Rossetti's "Dante and Beatrice in Paradise," these two pilgrims of love also pass into our remembrance as dwelling in coloured calm, above all pain, all passion, and all pride.

"The most that we can do," says the Rev. James Moore, who reappears with his flute, "is to begin a strain that will swell the general volume and last on after we have perished." No one who reads *The Choir Invisible* will doubt that Mr. Allen has begun an undying strain that will continue to scatter its music "in minds made better by its presence" in the years to come. He has given us something strong, deep, reverential, that will teach us how to live. "We are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also" as was Stevenson's prayer.

James MacArthur.

DR. VAN DYKE'S VERSE.*

This slender book of verse bears on every page a transparent sincerity; it was written to ease the heart, to give imagination play. It is a transcription of experiences, aspirations, friendships, affection. There is a distinct note of personality running through it all; as if the verse had come to the writer and not the writer to the verse. Only once or twice is the reader aware of a kind of secondary relation to the form; only once or twice does he feel, as one so often feels in reading contemporary verse, that the poet may be experimenting with a metre or trying his cunning with rhyme. From first to last the verse is sincere, frank, veracious in thought and feeling—that is to say, there is behind the form reality of experience and emotion, not mere skill and facility. It is the work of a man whose lucidity of expression is rooted in essential simplicity of aim and honesty of intention. Dr. van Dyke has in a very uncommon degree that feeling for nature and for experience which translates the one and interprets the other into the language of the imagination; but he never rests content with moods; he always strives for ideas as well as impressions. It is this moral vitality in his nature which makes it impossible for him to be primarily an impressionist; he gets at the truth of atmosphere, but he

* The Builders and Other Poems. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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must rest in the truth of structure. He has a tune in his head before he touches the keys.

He is, for this reason, less facile and flowing than many of his contemporaries among verse writers in this country; but he strikes a more distinct and resonant note; he produces a deeper impression of reality. He approaches his themes more directly and goes to their heart with a singleness of intention and device which disclose something more individual and unconscious than poetic intelligence; which disclose nothing less than poetic instinct. This faculty of condensing and compressing the sentiment of a great event and bringing the imagination face to face on a sudden with its full significance is illustrated in the lines on Tennyson; distinctly the best among a number of notable tributes to the memory of the great singer from his fellow-craftsmen; and the best because, by very simple means, the passing of the Laureate is made to assume as much importance to the larger world to which he passed as to the smaller world from which he vanished. There is in this fine poem a reticence and restraint full of poetic feeling—a reticence and restraint which, by the instinct of the artist, spare the imagination all details of emotion in order that a single noble idea may possess it wholly.

All real poetry deals with experience, with nature and events as they touch the poet; for it is not until we come to close quarters with happenings and conditions that the imagination plays freely upon them. The work of poets whose sense of moral responsibility is of the faintest is, in this sense, as distinctly moralised as the work of those to whom all things make inevitably for good or ill. Paul Verlaine moralises whatever he touches as definitely as Tennyson; he could not do otherwise; no true poet can get away from the order of life, however he may strive to reject or ignore it. Dr. van Dyke not only recognises it, but is inspired by it. He is not afraid that his verse will suffer because there is faith behind it; nor is he concerned to suppress spiritual aspiration, and the response which he finds to his own sense of loneliness and sorrow, because these may in some way take him out of the region of poetry into that of religion. He understands that religion is the deepest of all the springs of poetry—as Tennyson and Browning taught for so many years in noble antiphonal song—and that nothing allies itself so deeply and fruitfully with the processes of the imagination as a true and constantly feeling for the mystery and wonder of life, and an abiding consciousness of rest in the power behind it. The touches of didacticism in this volume are few; the vision of faith through the imagination rests on many of these poems. They are free from the catch-words of piety; they are not skilful improvisations in a religious mood; they are full of devoutness, reverence, and the spirit of sacrifice.

It is often said that one must be genuinely serious to fully enjoy and understand humour; it may also be said that a poet must bring to a true sympathy with nature a deep feeling for her mystery and majesty. Dr. van Dyke strikes, in many of these poems, the happy line between intimacy and familiarity. He is on such terms with nature that he can trust himself to feel at home with her without the risk of being too much at ease with the vast order which is at once our friend and our teacher. In *Little Rivers* there was a fine note of comradeship; a sense of the largeness and freedom of the world which the paddle and the long tramp open up. In this slender book there is the same ample out-of-doors atmosphere; the same responsive fellowship. Dr. van Dyke has whipped mountain streams to good purpose, for he has really learned the lore of the woods and the songs of the birds. These songs, like the tones of those swift brooks which Dr. van Dyke has so often heard making their delicious gurgle over rocks and down gentle cascades, cannot be rendered in imitative sounds; they must be suggested to the imagination in such a way as to evoke them from the memory. No American poet has done this with truer recollection or deeper feeling than the author of "The Song Sparrow," "The Maryland Yellow-throat," "The Whip-poor-will," and "The Veery," a group of poems which will find place, one is sure, with the poems which will be repeated when the inevitable hush has fallen upon all the singing voices of to-day. These verses, like all verses of their quality, get their magic from that skill of the heart which is born of true observation, sincere feeling, and entire absence not only of all strain to produce striking

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effects, but of all thought of artifice. When Wordsworth wrote the lines on the Cuckoo, the Daffodil, and the Skylark his art was as simple and transparent as nature; and Dr. van Dyke has studied in the same school.

Academic celebrations are not often successful in their appeal to the poets whom they call to their aid; but Princeton made a happy choice when she asked Dr. van Dyke to interpret her century and a half of history in a song. "The Builders" is a true academic ode in its dignity, its impressive tone, its largeness of movement; but it is by no means exclusively an academic poem; it has larger relations and it has had a wider audience than such efforts usually sustain or secure. It happily met two very different requirements: it was admirably fitted to the day when it was read with such striking effect in Alexander Hall, and now that the occasion has passed, it has an interest independent of it. There is a progression of thought through it as through all true odes; and this thought deepens and widens as the strophes follow each other in an order which is structural as well as formal. The spiritual history and significance of the university has rarely been interpreted with such insight and in a form at once so free and so carefully modulated by technical necessities. The elevation and range of this fine ode bring the reader to the highest level of a gift which is both spontaneous and trained; a talent rooted in the unconsciousness of a poetic nature, but reinforced by meditation and guided by knowledge.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

THE JESUIT RELATIONS.*

The beginnings of European exploration and settlement in North America are peculiarly rich in picturesque incident and heroic action. Civilisation was engaged upon a totally new venture. It had to establish for itself new precedents.

Its record under these novel conditions is largely contained in those letters and reports which the Jesuit missionaries forwarded from the wilderness to their superiors at home. Rarely, indeed, have the raw materials of history been gathered with such competence and fulness as in these narratives. As a rule the makers of history have been men of action purely. They have too often lacked the power of accurate observation, as well as the literary faculty of fitly recording what they saw and what they did. But the authors of the Jesuit relations were men trained to minute observation and right deductions. They were versed in the knowledge of the day. They were not without literary skill. If they had not been sent out as evangelisers and martyrs, they might well have been sent in the interests of scientific exploration.

In character these men were set apart by the possession of greatly heroic virtues, often combined with exasperating defects. In peace, in the securer settlements, they were stirrers of strife, jealous of precedence, forever intriguing in the interests of their order. But in peril they became magnificent. Their record among the savages is one of imperishable glory. When souls were to be saved they lost all thought of self. They thrust themselves among the most hostile tribes. They endured filth and ignominy. They shrank not from the anguish of strange torture. They went rejoicing to the cruelest forms of death. However the institution of Loyola may have laid itself open to criticism, it proved itself, in this time of trial, the breeder of saints and heroes.

For a period of one hundred and eighty years these men kept recording their experiences and observations in Latin, French, or Italian, and sending the narratives to Paris or Rome. Such of these invaluable documents as were accessible in the archives and libraries have supplied the matter for every historian of the French *régime* in North America. Some of them have been printed. A few have been translated into English. But never until now have they been gathered into a complete collection.

Such a complete collection is now being issued by the Burrows Brothers Company of Cleveland. It consists of the original French, Latin, and Italian texts, reprinted *verbatim et literatim*, with page for page English translations, and full annotations; and it is illustrated by portraits, maps, and fac-similes. The editor is Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secre-

* The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610–1791. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company. $3.50 net per volume.

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tary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and the author of several works on colonial history, whose accepted excellence is a sufficient guarantee of his fitness for the undertaking. He is assisted by a staff of six editors and translators. The edition is limited to seven hundred and fifty numbered sets, of about sixty volumes, five of which are now published. The editor's general introduction summarises very adequately and suggestively the work of the Jesuit missionaries in their several fields. It also gives a succinct account of these Relations, with a judicial estimate of their historic value. In the notes appear brief biographies of the authors of the narratives—often the only biographies yet written of these tireless forerunners of civilisation.

Of the five volumes before me three are devoted to Acadia, from 1610–16; Vol. IV. is devoted to Acadia and Quebec; and Vol. V. to Quebec alone. These five volumes afford ample material for a judgment of the manner in which the work is being conducted.

In the first place, it is impossible to overestimate the importance of the work to historical students. It amounts to nothing less than a public benefaction. The value of the matter contained has been already indicated. Here it is systematised and presented with a competency of scholarship and a painstaking accuracy of detail which leave nothing to be desired. The translations are exact. The notes are discreet and interpretative, and frequently throw an unexpected light upon events that have long been obscure. In all mechanical details, such as type, proportion of page, quality of paper, dignity of binding, the work is a model of bookmaking.

The first volume opens fitly with Marc Lescarbot's account of the Sieur de Poutrincourt's voyage to Acadia and the conversion of certain Acadian savages in the year 1610. This narrative, with its shrewdness, sanity of view, and discreet humour, is of lively interest not only to the student, but to the reader who reads to be entertained. As much may be said of many of the narratives. The earlier Fathers frequently display an amusing naïveté of judgment. Many of them were men of a broad humanity—men of the world, indeed, except where their faith or their Order was concerned. Father Joseph Jouvency's report on "The Country and Customs of the Canadians" is as entertaining as if it were not a document for scholars, but a story for the Sunday newspapers. At first these priests saw the life about them with the wide-open eyes of children, and their stories are full of fresh enthusiasm. By and by, when tragedies and the daily shadow of martyrdom came to press upon them, this bright quality disappeared. But in the majority of cases the narratives are admirable reading for their own sake, without regard to their importance from the scholar's point of view. They are apt to be free from long-winded platitudes and uninteresting details. Now that they have been made accessible to the general reader, it is probable that their influence will speedily appear in the pages of contemporary fiction.

When a monumental work like this is so adequately executed, the critic has no choice but to become the eulogist. It seems to me impossible to suggest any important point in which these five volumes might be bettered. In view of this fact, and of the consideration that no human work can expect to achieve absolute flawlessness, it will perhaps not seem like hypercriticism if I call attention to one or two quite unimportant slips.

On page 147, Vol. I., Father Biard speaks of the "Azores of the Great Bank," off the coast of Newfoundland; and this expression is made the occasion of note 38, which says:

"This is an interesting and, we believe, a unique statement of Biard, that the islands off the Gulf of St. Lawrence were once called the 'Azores of the Great Bank.'"

As a matter of fact, there are no islands at the place indicated in Biard's narrative. A little further on he says:

"Now, upon the border of this Great Bank, for the space of three or four leagues, the waves are generally very high, and these three or four leagues are called the Azores."

On page 253, of the same volume, Father Jouvency says:

"In the huge gulf into which the river Saint Lawrence flows may be seen a small island, or, rather, a double rock; they call it the Isle of Birds."

Note 69, referring to this, says:

"Authorities disagree in locating the Bird Island of Cartier's first voyage."

But authorities are now agreed that the Bird Islands referred to by Cartier

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were two in number—one of them what is now called Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, and the other Bird Rock, off Isle Bryon, one of the Magdalen group in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The point is definitely cleared up in Dr. Howley's paper on Cartier's voyage, in Vol. XII. of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.

Another small inaccuracy is to be found in the admirable map at the end of Vol. I. There the Bay of Fundy is called "B. de François." But its name, given by the Sieur de Monts, was "La Baye Françoise."

Of this very trifling character are the only flaws which the critic is called upon to notice in a work which offers abundant opportunity for errors of a more serious nature.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

MISS HARRADEN'S NEW STORY.*

The clash or amalgamation of races as it is depicted by Kipling or Bourget is a fictional theme which, in point of modernity, is only equalled by the adjustment of representatives of one race to a new environment. The latter has received comparatively little attention from story-tellers, and in attempting to picture the acclimatisation of a young Englishwoman in California, with none but Englishmen about her to relieve the monotony of a fruit ranch, Miss Harraden has very simply and forcefully, albeit unwittingly, broached a question of world-wide interest. Is there any home which has lost the power of caring how great a strain love will stand under uncongenial geographical conditions?

But you will say that this is not a fair epitome of *Hilda Strafford*. From the first Hilda failed to exhibit a genuine affection. Innately selfish, she liked to receive Robert's yearning letters because they involved no effort on her part and flattered her self-love. When she did join him against the wishes of her relatives and friends, she was actuated by a conventional sense of duty and—a fondness for travel and novelty. "One of the strong ones of the earth," she was devoid of sympathy and helpfulness, and required the stimulus of admiration to give a conscious worth to her life. Many, indeed, will say that she didn't love the man she married, and ask pettishly why she hadn't the sense to stay at home—the gift of hindsight in some readers is so pronounced. Of course there is here a nice question involving a definition of love itself. Is love merely the strongest attachment of which the individual is capable, or is it a height to which the unselfish alone can attain, differing not only in degree but in kind from that which is vulgarly called love? We have it from Miss Harraden that Hilda loved Robert as well as she could love any one. Shall we, then, infer that love such as hers is supportable only in a land of theatres and books, or that they were merely mismated—he needing a helpmeet rather than a figurehead, and she a stronger, less introspective, and, if one may judge from a rather broad hint dropped within the last half dozen pages, a more passionate husband? Her bounding health counted for nothing except to arouse a kind of physical jealousy in the man who loved her. She did not write a novel in the fashion of the quaintly murdered *Delicia*, nor, until she had wearied her poor husband out of life, did she find any one whom she could love to desperation. Unsympathetic herself, she fails to win our sympathy; and yet we feel that she was not wholly to blame.

Quite as good a case, theoretically, might be made against Robert. He long since had had misgivings, founded on a knowledge of California as a land for men, not for women. He should have headed her off, you would say, knowing that only in the most favourable circumstances could such an ambitious creature believe in one who, under the plea of ill health, had failed to make a niche for himself in England. Granting that she must needs have come to California, he should have behaved far differently when she came. "A terrible fellow at taking things to heart," he reproached himself bitterly for having urged her to share his lot. On one very trying occasion he said, self-disparagingly, "How do you like having married a man who has failed in everything?" Again, he dug up the fact that a "barren life, a worn-out worker, and a ruined ranch" were "not a particularly sumptuous marriage portion." Cheerful, wasn't it? He had no sense of humour—in truth, was inclined to melodrama. He helped to make scenes

* Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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when he should have been philosophic. Why didn't he invite her to walk out with the pointer Nellie before the cultivator, for the encouragement of her husband in his labour of turning up the chocolate-brown soil? That would have mended or marred matters with a vengeance. As it was, from her seat on the veranda she gazed at the distant mountains, and "the foot-hills nestling up to them as children to their parents," with no æsthetic appreciation of their beauty, but rather with hatred—the hatred of the bored. Robert lived, as he died, "like a tired child." Fancy such an invalid the running mate of a bouncing, impulsive ne'er-be-ill, who allowed music to stir her to the pitch of petulant derision! He should have known that the girls who take their *nocturnes* seriously are the very ones to take life frivolously; and, above all, he should have bestowed less attention upon the arrangement of the furniture and the effect of table-cloth and lamp-shade, put on some circus clothes, mounted his broncho, and given her a large chance to use the side-saddle he had presented her. She was a woman who needed broad, firm strokes, not finesse, and plenty of exercise. Without the latter she was vaguely unhappy and alternately perplexed and repentant.

A third character, Ben Overleigh, commands our admiration. He was a staunch Western friend to Robert, "mothering him in his own manly, tender fashion;" and Hilda liked him because he told her all her faults. He had a neighbourly way of dropping in to smoke a pipe when things were indigo blue, and an original and courteous manner of swearing, very artfully made cognisant but nowhere exemplified. He was a bluff, upright, true fellow, who would not be out of place in one of Bret Harte's romances. He is the most consistent personage in the story, and deserves to rank with Miss Harraden's excellent sketch of the "Disagreeable Man."

The telling is natural and adequate. Aside from the sudden death of Robert, its most serious artistic defect is the intrusion of the author in certain descriptive passages. The only other ground for criticism I see in this little book is a tendency—shared by almost all feminine writers and by Mr. Barrie among the *illustrissimi*—to sacrifice one massive effect to a multiplicity of varied effects. Miss Harraden has a number of good things to tell about everybody, and depends for her impression upon incidents and their condensation into epithets rather than upon a powerful welding of all the parts together. The deaf old lady who mounted to the housetop, and through an opera-glass watched the laziness of those whom she employed to work on her ranch; shy Mr. Holles, who during a three weeks' illness made nine wills and wrote six farewell letters; Ben, twirling his great mustaches and softly swearing, are picturesquely endeared to memory. That with her wistful, pathetic vein Miss Harraden blends a gentle humour cannot be denied. Her humour has a breadth—we were about to say a westernism—which, while it is refreshing, occasionally tempts her to repetition and suffuses the human comedy which she has observed, with her own evident enjoyment of it.

There are several thrilling situations; the Californian setting is everywhere felt but not obtruded; the writer has an earnest spirit, untainted by cynicism, and possesses a sustained simplicity of style that leaves very little to the imagination. On the whole, it may be said that while her range is limited, her expression within that range is admirable. Without admitting a single American to her story, she has delineated a distinctly American situation with a sincerity and clearness that cannot fail to attract. A delicately artistic feature of the story is the suspense of the first fifty pages, whereby we are inspired with a curiosity to see Hilda, half wondering if, like the Woman of Arles, she is to be kept forever out of sight. Nor would it be just to close this review without noting the tragedy of the *Heimweh* which lies back of the characterisation, and indeed gives the story its motive power and lifts it above a relentless realism.

George Merriam Hyde.

BURGESS'S "THE MIDDLE PERIOD."*

Professor Burgess has given us an excellent first-hand sketch of our constitutional history during his assigned period. The chief characteristics of his book are a thorough-going independence which is overstressed at times, and a clear-

* The Middle Period: 1817–1858. By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. [American History Series.] New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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sighted conservatism which occasionally degenerates into recalcitrancy. These characteristics make their appearance from the start in his preface, where he rightly maintains that there can be no political union worthy of the name between North and South until they have attained some common standing-ground from which they can view the past intelligently. This standing-ground he endeavours to furnish in his treatise, and candour compels one to say that his success has been remarkable, if necessarily incomplete. He will not, of course, satisfy the typical States-rights Southerner, for he maintains the essential justice of the Northern cause. He will not satisfy the more radical of his Northern readers, for he has little sympathy with the Abolitionists, does not condemn Webster's Seventh of March speech, and actually speaks of Calhoun with constant respect and of John Brown with consistent reprobation. What will certain honest people say of a professor in a great Northern institution of learning who dares to affirm that Jefferson Davis was "personally and officially . . . a remarkably upright man," and that John Brown and his followers were "cutthroats and highwaymen," who engaged in "common crime of the blackest and most villainous sort"? I think that I can, out of my own personal experience, predict to Professor Burgess some of the things they will say ; but I shall content myself with assuring him that all moderate men who desire the truth to prevail will thank him for the fairness and bravery conspicuous on every page of his book. They may not agree with this or that specific proposition, but they will be bound to confess that he has thrown new light upon many a dark place, and that he has not hesitated to stand forth as the champion of men and measures that have long been the objects of cheap and uninformed abuse.

But although Professor Burgess is certain to win the applause of many readers for his political moderation, there are others who will justly complain that politics are not the sole business of men and nations, and that a book which is merely a constitutional history should be so denominated on its title-page. The fact is that our author has ignored the claims of culture-history so frankly as almost to provoke a smile. He mentions Dr. Emerson, the owner of Dred Scott, but has not a word for Ralph Waldo. The Abolitionists appear often enough, and in no favourable light, but Whittier wrote in vain, so far as our historian is concerned. Even New England Transcendentalism is a subject that has no charms for him, and the nation's gradual emergence from provincialism fails to receive his grateful recognition. This is not strange, however, for the dyer's hand is always subdued to what it works in, and Professor Burgess has long been known as a political philosopher. It is a little strange, however, to find a constitutional historian devoting the merest fag-end of a paragraph to the Know Nothing movement, omitting all reference to the Anti-Masons, and having not a word to say about the long list of Southern commercial conventions with their plans for reopening the foreign slave trade.

But as Professor Burgess has consciously, or unconsciously, narrowed the scope of his work, it remains for the critic to accept the limitations imposed and to judge the book with reference to the standards of the class to which it belongs. Such a careful analysis would, of course, be possible only in a technical historical magazine, but a few points of interest may be noted here. Professor Burgess has told the story of the Kansas troubles in a strikingly forcible way ; indeed, I am inclined to think that his two chapters on this subject are the best, though not, perhaps, the most impartial in his book. He does not, it is true, pay sufficient attention to the fanatical element in John Brown's character, but this is, on the whole, a slight fault. His account of the acquisition of Florida is excellent ; but some people will not relish his criticism of Dr. Von Holst, who, by the way, does not appear to be his favourite historian. The chapter on slavery before 1820 is also good, and so too is that on the Missouri Compromise, particularly toward the close. The other great compromise of 1850 is clearly and succinctly described, and the Dred Scott case is more correctly presented than is usual with our historians. As for minor points that demand approbation they are too numerous to mention. It may be remarked, however, that their frequent occurrence often serves to disabuse the reader's mind of the notion that he is reading an abridgment of the *Annals of*

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Congress and the *Congressional Globe* rather than an ordered and comprehensive history.

Much as I admire many portions of his book, however, I cannot quite accept without a protest some of Professor Burgess's philosophical and constitutional disquisitions, or his treatment of one or two phases of our national history. It seems to me that sometimes the lawyer gets the better of the historian, and that there is a little too much disposition to undervalue the really important services to the world of that political philosophy which we owe to France. I think also that exception can be taken to Dr. Burgess's treatment of the whole Mexican War period, especially to his endeavour to exculpate Calhoun and Tyler in the matter of the joint resolution. Smaller points of objection could be easily multiplied. The influence of John Randolph upon Southern leaders, particularly upon Calhoun, is not noticed, while the position of the Southern Whigs, like Stephens and Toombs, is not made sufficiently clear, or the demise of the party fully explained ; but these are trifles.

Not so trifling, however, are two objections that must be urged against our author and his book even at the risk of bringing to an unfavourable close a review that is intended to eulogise an able and conscientious work. It is not, it seems to me, in the interests of true scholarship for an author of Professor Burgess's standing to emphasize the fact that he has not regarded the work of other scholars as worthy of his attention. It is well enough to go to the sources, but it is equally important to know what other men, presumably well equipped, have brought from those sources. Yet Professor Burgess tells us explicitly that he has "made it an invariable rule to use no secondary material," which is the same thing as telling us that unchecked individualism ought to be the rule in all scholarly pursuits. Equally detrimental to the interests of true culture is the indifference to the claims of form and style which Professor Burgess constantly displays. I am indeed sorry that he lends the weight of his name to that fast-growing school of historians who seem to hold that the better a man writes, the less history he is likely to know.

W. P. Trent.

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.*

Sincerity should perhaps be named as the first if not the finest trait of everything written by Mrs. Barr ; for, no matter how far from our own conviction the motive of her fiction may be, there is never a doubt of its honesty. And certainly to convince of conscientiousness opposed to our own beliefs is to do something fine in literature as well as in life.

This the author has done in many earnest stories, and in none more notably than in her latest novel. The work seems, on the first glance, to lie wholly behind modern sympathies. Its environment is alien and repellent. Its scenes, set in the Shetland Islands, show strange and far off through the mists of the mighty sagas. Its types are of the last rather than of the present generation, and its feeling belongs to the dark age of Calvinism, to that now inconceivable era of spiritual bondage in which intelligent human beings cast themselves before the Juggernaut of a monstrous faith.

Yet the pagans embodying the logical outcome of this most inhuman form of Christianity are eminently human. They represent, it is true, types rather than individuals, and the two generations represented produce a single effect. But there is nevertheless an impression of reality ; and father and son stand out from the environing myths living men bowed under humanity's common burden, the curse of heredity. For what man ever was or ever can be delivered from his ancestors ?

"Such as we be made of, such we be." Liot Borson and his son David, counting their forefathers through an unbroken line of sea-fighters and sea-fishers back to the great Norwegian Bor, are as distinctively descendants as any of Ibsen's latter-day types. The Borsons have been christened for nearly eight hundred years, yet paganism rules the race, and it is more natural for Liot and David to order their lives according to the inexorable personal vengeance enjoined by Odin rather than by the mercy taught by the Saviour. The same grim faith, the same strong passions rule Kalen and Nanna, women of the same race. For in Shetland, as in the rest of

* Prisoners of Conscience. By Amelia E. Barr. New York : The Century Co. $1.50.

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the world, the women are made to match the men, and the fact that Liot and David are as slow as their brothers of the larger world in recognising the truth testifies to the veracity of the work.

And so in various ways the story links the hard lives and the warped consciences of these Shetlanders with the great fallible heart of humanity. The worldliness that leads to interference with the love between Liot and Kalen, and the consequent jealousy which causes the tragedy, touch a wider existence than theirs. Liot sees his rival perish, knowing that a word of warning would have saved the man's life, and unfaltering in faith as in love, gives his whole life to the expiation demanded by his terrible creed. The burden of his passive sin falls early on his son, whose finer nature develops the psychological struggle which is the final spiritual uplift of the story. In the beginning David also sets his face like a flint. He believes as unquestioningly as his father and his forefathers have believed that some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death; and their number is so certain and so definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished. But David has not that assurance of election which has enabled his ancestors to live their stern lives with endurance and to meet death with fortitude. All these doubts and fears are shared by his cousin Nanna, a deserted wife, and the forbidden love which springs up between them adds poignancy to their distress. The death of Nanna's husband brings a gleam of light, but the death of her child unchristened plunges them into deeper gloom. The thought of the little lost spirit wandering alone in space partially unsettles the mother's reason. She shrinks from David in horror when he urges her to become his wife that he may care for and comfort her. Admitting that she loves him, she sobs:

"You are heart of my heart and soul of my soul. I hear you coming when you are half a mile away. I have no joy but when you are beside me. I shall die of grief if you leave me in anger. I would count it heaven and earth to be your wife, but I dare not! . . . There might be another child—other children. Can you, can the minister, can any human being give me assurance that they will be elect children? If you can I will be your wife to-morrow. If you cannot, as the God of my father lives, I will not bring sons and daughters into life for sin and sorrow here and for perdition hereafter."

It is a significant fact that these ancient systems of theology, for the most part, break down over infants. It is here that human nature takes its final stand and utters its defiant protest. "And He took a little child, and set him in the midst of them."

Wisdom comes to David through suffering, and a truer light is thrown upon religion when it is too late to retrieve happiness. The whole story shows indeed afar off. It is well-nigh impossible to believe that many souls have actually been crushed as these were under this hideous misconception of Deity. In thus realising it Mrs. Barr has demonstrated most successfully the sincerity of her work, and has well celebrated our spiritual emancipation.

Nancy Huston Banks.

PIONEERS OF EVOLUTION FROM THALES TO HUXLEY.*

This book is intended to give a sketch of the history of those who have been the formulators of hypotheses of evolution in ancient and modern times. It is written from the standpoint of a naturalistic monism, and its author belongs to the school which is inspired by what Lotze has appropriately called the importunate persuasiveness of modern science. The first part consists of a very brief and imperfect summary of the cosmogonic speculations of some of the Greek philosophers, and a comparison of these with the views of the monistic evolutionists of the present age. The treatment of this part of the subject is very slight and inadequate, but is probably as serious as the subject deserves; for there is underlying all such comparisons the assumption that when the same terms are used by the ancient philosophers and by the modern investigators, they have a comparable extension; which is in most cases, to say the least of it, doubtful, and in some instances certainly inaccurate.

The kernel of the book is the second

* Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley. With an intermediate chapter on the Causes of Arrest of the Movement. By Edward Clodd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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part, the theme of which is that the religion of Christ has been the hindrance in the way of the development of science, not only dogmatic theology in its mediæval form, but Christianity of any sort, on account of its fundamental postulate of the existence of a spiritual world. This he does not regard as being so much due to the influence of the actual teaching of the Carpenter of Nazareth, as to that of His followers. Mr. Clodd seems disposed to treat Him with a sort of supercilious patronage, even although he says that Jesus taught nothing that was new, and was steeped in the mischievous delusions of His time. The primary culprit was Paul of Tarsus, who systematised the teaching of his Master and made Christianity a religion. As a monist Mr. Clodd can neither know nor receive these "things of the spirit," and regards them not only as foolishness but as hindrances toward that abstract unity to which he desires to reduce the phenomena of man and the world. He puts the date of the check in the adoption of an evolution philosophy at A.D. 50, but, as during the two centuries in which Christianity was an obscure and persecuted system it can scarcely have acted as an obstacle to the growth of scientific knowledge if the disposition to develop a Lucretian system had been a living tendency, the fact that in this time there is no trace of scientific progress must be due to some other cause.

The third section deals with the renascence of science, which he regards as beginning about A.D. 1600. The fourth and most interesting part consists of short biographical sketches of Darwin, Wallace, Herbert Spencer, and Huxley.

The work of each of these great and earnest men is briefly sketched. Mr. Wallace's spiritualism is a sore subject to Mr. Clodd, and is dealt with in a deprecatory and rather unsympathetic passage.

Mr. Clodd's style is colloquial and somewhat rough, but forcible. There is much of what he has aptly termed a "snippety" character in the book, which perhaps was unavoidable, as the book is a compilation from many sources. There is very little of the modesty of science in his utterances, and he is always cocksure, and inclined to be dogmatic in matters which are in some cases hypothetical. To take one example, he tells us that *all* modern research tends to show that the various combinations of matter are formed of some *prima materia*, ignoring the laborious researches of Stas, which are among the most recent on the subject, and the equally definite statements of Mendeleef. In like manner he is equally certain of the historical accuracy of the views of the most destructive of the "higher critics."

Mr. Clodd writes as a partisan, holding a brief for his cause, and gives only an outline of the statement of his case for monism, without entering into arguments; but the reader can scarcely help believing that the system of nature is greater than is his construction of it. It would certainly require a very much stronger case to annihilate the influence of that which the Master of Balliol has termed the unscientific consciousness which is expressed in religion and morality.

Alexander Macalister.

MR. CROCKETT'S "LADS' LOVE."*

This may not be the most realistic of Mr. Crockett's stories, and it is certainly not the pleasantest. But it is in one sense the most steeped in the better spirit of Rousseau; more fully than any other of his works, it sets forth the literary creed of the author of the *Confessions:* "I shall write always that which comes to me; I shall change it without scruple according to my humour; I shall speak of everything as I feel it, as I see it, without care, without constraint, without being embarrassed by the medley." That Mr. Crockett has at least the courage of this creed is shown not only by a preface in the shape of a letter to "my unanswered correspondents," which many will think unnecessary and more will censure as self-conscious, but by a very audacious representation of Scottish courtship during the delicious but perilous "cannie hour at e'en." The idea of lads' love suggests most readily Lucy Desborough and Richard Feverel by the river, or Juliet with her "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" or Miranda with her

> "This
> Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
> That e'er I sighed for; pity move my father
> To be inclin'd my way."

* Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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Nance Chrystie, although the eldest daughter of Peter Chrystie, miser, tyrant, elder, toddy-drinker, and sanctimonious humbug, makes in the end a very attached sweetheart, and no doubt also a good wife to Dr. Alec McQuhirr of Dumquhat. But when the "magerful" rather than masterful Alec asks her and her sisters for a kiss in the good old Galloway citadel-storming style, she breaks out after the fashion of the Daughter of Madame Angot:

"Oh ye gorb, ye worm, ye fathom o' pump-water on end, I wish I were a man but for five minutes to throw ye head-foremost oot o' the window—comin' here to fear three bits o' lasses. Ye may weel be prood o' yoursel', ye feckless scullion. Gi'e the like o' you a kiss—faith no, though you waited till the Day of Judgment, and there wasna a man nearer than the stars that shine midway the lift o' heaven."

This, it may be said, is vulgar, and sheer caterwauling in the first stage of anger and scratch. But it is true to Scotland and to Galloway rural life, and that is all that concerns me. The plot of *Lads' Love* is nothing to speak of. The dark side of the "cannie hour" love-making—the story of the poor "Hoolet" and her blackguardly packman, which ends in an improbable Scotch marriage, and very nearly in suicide and murder—is conventionally sensational and galleryish. When Nance becomes an actress and plays an Irishwoman, Mr. Crockett simply makes Miss Ellen Terry try to play one of her roguish parts on a Galloway moor. I don't like the Lady Sophronia interlude. It is stage "business," and artificial. But I do thoroughly enjoy the life of Nether Neuk, with the three lasses, Nance and Grace and above all the tomboyish but loyal Hempie. I like the fun of the boozy lairds, and the practical-joking lads, and the peppery pellet-shooting father. It is all genial and hearty. It is as real as, say, the fun in the Fairport post-office, and Mr. Crockett has reproduced it without any intrusion of that "under God" element, for introducing which he has in some quarters been severely rather than justly criticised. What is more, nobody else has reproduced it. In this respect *Lads' Love* is more original, more of a human document than any of its predecessors.

William Wallace.

THE VERSATILE MR. FORD.*

Mr. Ford's versatility would seem to know no bounds. As a delver among old legal and literary documents, as an editor of rare and interesting Americana, as the author of the steadily popular novel, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, as the historiographer of *The True George Washington*, as a playwright, as the delicate and graceful delineator of the tender passion in *The Story of an Untold Love*, appearing serially in the *Atlantic*, and now as the delightful raconteur of an up-to-date story, peppered with a spice of mystery and wild and woolly westernism, he has successively and successfully entertained and edified the American public to a bewildering extent. One would not be surprised should Mr. Ford's next literary venture turn out to be an historical romance. Indeed, it will meet all demands of the imagination to say at once that one would not be surprised at anything Mr. Ford may choose to give us. He has prepared us already for surprises in almost every form.

The Great K. & A. Train Robbery is what the summer girl would call "an awfully jolly hammocky story;" indeed, it was lying supine in a hammock on a sultry afternoon that we first read it when it appeared originally in *Lippincott's* last summer. And if we are prone to fall into a breezy, free-and-easy manner of description, it is largely because Mr. Ford has set the fashion. The tale is told in an informal, colloquial style, free from affectations of speech and unadorned by literary floristry. The declaration is stoutly and honestly made at the start: "Any one who hopes to find in what is here written a work of literature had better lay it aside unread." Yet we venture to say that even in so slight a story as this Mr. Ford has exemplified that dramatic power of presentation which has enabled him to play so many rôles. From start to finish the narrative of Dick Gordon is not once marred by a false note or trait; it is the Yale student with more inclination for the football field than for the classroom, turned mechanic and eventually becoming superintendent of the Kansas and Arizona Railroad, who wins upon

* The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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us by his brusque, straightforward story, although we could wish that he had spared us some of his bad puns. And in this self-revelation of the principal actor through the self-concealment of the author lies a certain *naïf* humour that glints and plays on the surface of the serious issues of the game—a double game, for there are two issues at stake—a man's honour and a woman's heart. Mr. Ford knows the wisdom of engaging the heart as well as the head at the earliest possible point in a story, and he succeeds in offering hostages for both in his first chapter; the ending, we should add, is very artfully contrived.

We understand that Mr. Ford had compunctions about making a book of "this skit," as he very irreverently describes it. First written and read aloud to beguile some companions on a trip across the great American desert, and then printed as a souvenir of the journey, it was conceived and handled with a gay irresponsibility and light-heartedness which constitute its charm. It was not seriously contemplated as a literary effort, it was written to amuse; and it is as an improvisation that we regard it. "It is to laugh!"

J. M.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES. By Gilbert Parker. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

It is with the great average of the intelligent public that Gilbert Parker's writings are most popular, and the reasons for his popularity are not far to seek. The average individual likes something that is within his comprehension and at the same time outside of his experience. The subtleties of Henry James, the intricacies of George Meredith, the fatalism of Thomas Hardy are for the few, not the many; they are caviare to the general. But Gilbert Parker has the advantage of describing vividly and well places and people unknown to most of us, and weaving history and romance into a picturesque background in such a way that all can understand and appreciate. It is only when too enthusiastic admirers try to place Mr. Parker on a pedestal with the Immortals, that his calmer critics wish to moderate their transports and give him his true place, with due gratitude and due appreciation, among the contemporary writers—alas! too few—who have something to say and a good narrative style in which to say it. We have seen him in the "historical" and the "pastoral," but in *The Pomp of the Lavilettes* we have him in the "tragical." He has condensed into less than two hundred pages a tale of human interest palpitating with emotion, and throbbing with life.

The scene is laid among the French Canadians in a town in the Province of Quebec, and—what is unusual in a tale of adventure—we are interested in the characters for what they are, as well as for what they do. The young Englishman, Tom Ferrol, has a moral nature deformed through circumstance rather than natural depravity. The wind of impulse blows him whithersoever it listeth, while Christine, the French Canadian heroine, with her primitive passions and elementary emotions, is as much the product of nature as Ferrol, with all his weaknesses and vices, is the product of civilisation. Sophie (Christine's sister) represents a third type of the emotional temperament, more restrained, but no less ardent. Ferrol's relations with the two girls and his ultimate marriage with Christine form the sentimental interest of the book; but it is a tale teeming with adventure, escape, and disaster, with battle, murder, and sudden death. Ferrol's voluntary sacrifice of life to save the man he had robbed of $5000 (a death suggested, perhaps, by Sydney Carton's) is not inconsistent with his previous character. The true Englishman's love of fighting led him to choose the death of a man besieged by his enemies rather than that of an invalid waiting for his last hemorrhage.

Mr. Parker deserves credit for not having allowed this strong little tale to drift into a novel of the blood-and-thunder order. The good character-drawing prevents that, for though this writer with his robust imagination sometimes taxes the credulity of his readers, he is nevertheless the master of his plot, not its slave. He has become famous in the hour when a writer of his vigorous calibre was most needed, and if the ovation he has received is a little out of proportion to his literary merits, it is none the less an encouraging sign that the public is once more willing to hold out its hand to a good story-teller.

THE ITINERANT HOUSE. By Emma Frances Dawson. San Francisco: William Doxey. $1.50.

It must be especially difficult to write something really new in the line of a ghost story, but the author appears to have achieved that success in the titular tale of this volume. The idea of having a house haunted by the spirit of a living woman is certainly novel, and has been well wrought out. It would seem, indeed, as if the unhappy spirit must have spent the greater part of the time in astral vacation, so constantly is its attention devoted to making every occupant of the room in which it has suffered feel the weight of the curse. Utterly in vain are all attempts to evade or escape the fatal influence. The Flying Dutchman of a house is moved again and again from one quarter of San Francisco to another, but calamity treads upon the heels of tragedy, and misfortunes come in platoons. "The Itinerant House" is not, however, the best of the stories, although it may

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doubtless be considered the most unique. "Are the Dead Dead?" is more powerfully written, and takes hold on the imagination and clings to the memory as the other does not. It is a singular mixture of scepticism and romance, telling of a girl who goes in a spirit of thoughtless mischief to investigate the secret of a haunted house, knowing that other investigators will also be there, and who meets the ghost, taking him to be one of the jesting party.

"'I could not,' she says, 'take my eyes off this man. Dazed I looked at him. . . . Who was he? One of this crazy club. . . . Where had I known him? I seemed flooded by a tidal wave of memories—of what? bits of dreams—sleeping or waking ones? Was it a tide of inherited memories surging through my veins with the hot blood of some ancestors who had, like me now, loved at first sight one like him, this man of graceful movement and head like an antique bust? Who could tell? I gazed at him, mad with vague, keen longing and remembrance, excited as with wine by the new, piquant charm of his overwhelming presence, yet seeing him wholly unaware of it, and even shy.'"

She envies the girls in the Arabian Nights "who could always send an old woman to tell a young man he was loved and bring him;" and she "longs for the freedom of the birds of the air who are not held in check by the straight-jacket of custom, which keeps us from kisses at sight." But she doesn't pine long in silence, and manages—as a woman can manage when she tries—to make herself understood without saying much. His non-committal response is "again" and "once more," and the irreverent might take the remark as a reference to former experiences in love affairs. For a second ghost forthwith puts in an appearance, to the great discomfort of the girl, who does not recognise her as such.

"A woman I had not yet seen with the club looked in at the open door, surprise, doubt and scorn in her intent face. A woman more to be feared than a ghost, I thought, as I marked her evil look. She paused in amaze at sight of us. . . . A jealous woman I judged—all the more as she drew back before he could turn to find the cause of my changed looks. . . . He grew if possible more bloodless than ever. . . . I could see him tremble. Dread and dismay in his face, and a hunted look came into his eyes. With a look of triumph at me she beckoned him. Making a motion toward me, as of mingled farewell and warning, he slowly went after her, although often turning to look back."

One point in favour of this story is that it is not disjointed by so much irrelevant poetry as dislocates the others. When it is mentioned that seventy-eight lines of verse are interjected haphazard into the first story, which occupies only about twenty pages, while "Singed Moths," which is very little longer, is swamped under nearly two hundred lines that ramble about almost everything except the subject of the story. It would be easier to treat the work with justice were the prose separated from the poetry, and there would be a great literary gain were the poetry left out altogether. "The Second Card Wins" is in certain respects the ablest of the stories, but that it also is marred by a poetic outburst divided into subheads and running over four pages. Moreover, it seems somewhat out of place in this collection of ghostly lore, since it does not deal with the supernatural.

TROOPER PETER HALKET OF MASHONALAND. By Olive Schreiner. Boston: Robert Bros. $1.25.

He revealed Himself unto babes. Separated from his company, and lost in the great veldt, Trooper Peter Halket dreams by his fire of the fortune he is going to make before he leaves South Africa. He does not know how, but others have done it before him, out of the Mashonas and Matabeles, or in some other vague way. His mother had had a hard struggle, but when riches come she shall have the best of times. A tall, dark man clad in a loose linen garment joins him, sits with him by the fire, and Peter, getting the better of his awe, questions the stranger, and not understanding who He may be, pours out his own history, and his crude views on white men and black. The visionary interview is bold, but it is reverent and earnest. The effect produced on readers by Jesus Christ discussing South African politics will certainly be various. Perhaps it is enough for us to acknowledge the serious purpose of this first part. The second, which describes Halket's application of his vision to the circumstances attendant on his service as trooper actively engaged against the blacks, is far stronger, and far more sympathetic. The last scenes of Halket, trooper and martyr, ignorant fool, and yet, under the influence of the light just shed on him, a saint, reckless of earthly fate, are described with a calm, restrained power which marks the highest point the writer's powers have reached as yet.

TATTERLEY. By Tom Gallon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

We have here a story so kindly, so pathetic, so able in its presentment of a difficult, some might even say, an impossible situation, that we linger over it as we do over very few of the books that pass before us. The inspiration is from Dickens, though there is no direct imitation. Caleb Fry, the skinflint, money-grabbing old bachelor, has to be taught that his miserable cynicism, his arid, unblessed life, is not human existence as it need be; that beyond the pursuit of wealth there is a bright something which his heart is not too dead to treasure. The means of his conversion we have no right to disclose. It is very original, a little improbable, some may say; it brings Caleb into contact with life as he had never been brought before, and makes the old bitter curmudgeon the kindly sympathiser with a charming young romance. Mr. Gallon is no weak sentimentalist, and he boldly takes the responsibility of his plot. Caleb has sacrificed much for a desperate freak of curiosity. He cannot get his fortune back, and he dies a poverty-stricken old man. Only he has made his discovery, and at his death he is not alone.

CHUN TI-KUNG. By Claude A. Rees. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

On the title-page of his book, Mr. Rees explains that *Chun Ti-Kung* is a novel, but though there is some slight thread of story running through it, the interest and value of the book lie entirely in the carefully considered and detailed pictures of Chinese life that it presents. Mr. Rees is doing for China what several writers have already done for Japan; that is, weaving complications of outward and alien views into an exceedingly valuable and interesting account of Chinese habits and customs. Doubtless to specialists and learned people the book would prove elementary enough, but not many people are sufficiently advanced to read

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Dr. Martin with profit, and to them *Chun Ti-Kung* will be welcome, for although Mr. Rees imparts information in every line, and we are always hearing something new, his book is not one which, in the obvious effort to "combine amusement with instruction," fails either to amuse or teach. The English girl who is married to the hero, and who commits suicide when she hears that he has already a native wife, is sketched with considerable skill; but when Mr. Rees tries to be facetious and describe the missionary's wife, he goes quite wrong, and degenerates into caricature.

LO-TO-KAH. By Vernon Z. Reed. New York: Continental Publishing Company. $1.00.

With this little bundle of charming tales a rival seems to have entered the field of Mr. Owen Wister, who has recently been the only writer having much to say of the Indians of Mexico and the Far Southwest. These new stories reveal little if any of the literary quality distinguishing Mr. Wister's work—the author's statement in the preface that they have been hastily written was rather unnecessary—but they glow with such warmth, tenderness and exaltation that they are full of charm. Mr. Reed idealises the types which Mr. Wister realises; his Indians are as purely imaginary as Hiawatha and Laughing Water, whereas Mr. Wister's are drawn from life and true to the line. But realism is dying! Long live ideality! and may we speedily come to believe that the finest makes the strongest and longest appeal; that the highest ideals must always stand for man universal. It seems to be a perception of this, conscious or otherwise, which lifts these somewhat crude romances of Indian life high above the commonplace. Lo-to-Kah, the uncivilised, typifies the noblest traits of manhood as impersonally as Sir Galahad and is as distinctively a representative of chivalry as Don Quixote. The probabilities do not enter into consideration; one is swept along by the rush of the wild horses on which the red lovers fly through the first tale as unquestioningly as one follows the fortune of Launcelot's lance when it does battle for Guinevere. In the second story the supernatural is taken into account and continues throughout the rest of the work to dominate the stories as it does the life of the Indians. The belief in the reincarnation of the soul is part of their religion, and the power of sending the spirit away from the living body temporarily is also an article of their faith, as well as the possibility of holding communion with the spirits of the dead. Out of all this the author has woven half a dozen notably readable romances, most of which are made all the more effective by being told in the first person by Lo-to-Kah himself, with a poetic fervour that makes all unreal things seem half true and all true things half unreal.

ONE MAN WHO WAS CONTENT. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

The departure of a well-known writer in a new direction is always an interesting event. Mrs. Van Rensselaer has written heretofore almost exclusively of architecture and art, so that it seems a notable change to find this little volume dealing with the erection of a noble life upon wrecked hopes; and with nature—human nature—in its least artificial aspect. The work can hardly be described as fiction. The first paper is too profound, too finished, and, most of all, too impersonal to be called a character sketch; for the struggle of the man is the struggle of mankind, no harder, bitterer, nor grimmer; and the great commandment to him is the great commandment to all, not to be cowardly, not to be reasonless; to refuse to be defeated, and to refuse to let aught that remains of good in the world slip through a nerveless hand. To stand firm against desperation and despair.

"Who, indeed, can decide which is more awful—a hell of intermittent flames, or one that is sheathed in steadily grinding ice? No man—not even the man who has gone down for the time into the heart of the one and the other."

The three sketches which complete the collection are stories certainly, but scarcely fiction, since they seem unmistakable studies of real life. "Mary" makes pathetic revelation of the loneliness and isolation that wealth cannot prevent, of the powerlessness of riches to buy the love that can alone bring happiness to age. "The Lustigs" and "Corinna's Fiametta" also sound the note of the universal, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work is apt to do. And much humour of a delicious quality mingles with the melancholy of both these last named stories, making them the most memorable as well as the most notable of all.

THE MERRY MAID OF ARCADY. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Company. $1.50.

As an exponent of social ethics from the distinctively American standpoint Mrs. Harrison has never had a rival, and this new volume shows increased ability to hold her own. Most of the stories—all, indeed, with the single exception of "The Secret of San Juan"—follow the familiar trend with more spirit and humour than have appeared in the author's recent work. And with this restoration comes a new element which enlarges these fine etchings, giving them softness and beauty as well as keenness and truth. Several of the sketches, notably the first, the third, and the seventh, sound depths far beyond the shallows that usually bound such themes. The appealing tenderness of "The Merry Maid of Arcady" makes the heart swell while the lips smile. A feeling of the sadness of life stirs tremulously beneath the "Leaves from the Diary," notwithstanding the surface attention to the social whirl. But farther and deeper than any reaches "The Stranger within Thy Gates," the arraignment that we must all face, sooner or later, in one form or another; that not even madame in her silken and scented boudoir may hope to escape, if a conscience ache behind her jewels. The pitiful little story brings a sting, too, as well as an ache, and sets one to wondering how much of the world's philanthropy is reality and how much is pose; and whether there are not almost as many unthinking followers of religious as of temporal modes. The author does not preach about it; she simply tells the story of a fashionable woman who is so absorbed in the theoretical betterment of women that she has no time, and scarcely an inclination to hold her own

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housemaid away from the gulf. We have all seen the philanthropist urging the idea while ignoring the individual. The spectacle is not, unfortunately, a rare one, especially to those who have studied organisations of women. But it cannot be pointed out too often, and the serving of such strong meat with Mrs. Harrison's social syllabub gives her work new importance.

A WILLING TRANSGRESSOR. By A. G. Plympton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.25.

The story which gives title to the book is the longest as well as the best of the six composing the collection. It is written with little apparent perception of the artistic effects of which the incidents of the tale are especially susceptible, yet the author has somehow brought her characters before the reader with singular distinctness. Without any striking originality they are nevertheless very real—so real, indeed, that we seem to have met them often before, to have known them intimately a long time. But this being true of the characterisation in the main, there are also bright touches that give freshness to the work, as in the description of the little old maid, who looks in her brown dress with white spots "like a guinea-hen," and who shows her most discreditable thoughts with a naïve "you-know-how-it-is air" that forces you to step down from your pedestal of superhuman virtue. The second story, "The Scandal of Scarborough," is notable chiefly in its using the Mind Cure and Christian Science as synonymous terms. The two may seem to the outsider to mean much the same thing, but the initiated knows how indignantly any such suggestion is spurned by both, and how vital are the superiorities urged by each. "A Case of Conscience" has little merit as a story, but it sparkles with bright thought. Most of us have realised the feelings of the girl who suffers from another's idle, eager curiosity, until she thinks she "must have little holes all over her skin, like the bark of a tree that has been bored by a woodpecker." The same charm holds in the last three stories, the epigrammatic quality of the work offsetting the weakness of its structure, so that the book is really more readable than a great deal of much better writing.

A CHANCE CHILD. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.00.

This volume of four stories, of which the titular tale is the first and the most important—if any may be called important—will add nothing to the reputation which the author has won by other work. *Told in the Hills* especially promised a good deal, and *A Pagan of the Alleghanies* also struck a strong, fresh note, but none of the traits which made these stories notable appear in the new book. The first story deals with a subject that must always appeal to sympathy—the position of those unfortunates who have no legal right to existence; but the pathos with which this subject is necessarily invested becomes bathos under the treatment of the author. Characterisation has never been among the strong points of her most successful work, and the characters figuring in these stories are the merest shadows. There is no distinct impression of this chance child, with her "bronze-ringleted head," and indeed the compound adjective is about the most distinctive feature of the entire tale. And after the titular story there seems to be no purpose in the tales beyond a general tendency toward the morbid, while the effect as a whole is singularly incongruous. It is hard to keep one's bearings, to remember whether one is reading of life in the Old or New World; for it requires a long leap of the imagination to go with the turning of a leaf from Sweden to South Carolina, from an Old World tragedy to a New World farce. But a still greater effort will be required—on the part of Southerners at least—to understand how a "black mammy" could possibly say of a young white lady, "I've nursed her an' tended her sence she was a little pickaninny." Since pickaninnies are small negroes, the only explanation would seem to be that for once an Ethiopian had changed her skin.

PALLADIA. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The charm of *The Brown Embassador* ensures a hearing for the author's new book, but although it has the anticipated excellence, it is so unlike the foregoing work in motive, manner, and spirit, that it might well be the work of another pen. Whereas *The Brown Embassador* is a fascinating and rather light portrayal of the adventures of a brilliant cat and an enterprising dog, the human element being entirely subordinated, *Palladia* is a grave and even strenuous presentation of the tragic aspect of human life. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to imagine more tragic literary material than may be found in lives passed within the awful shadow of the White Tsar's throne, and it is here that the scene of the story is laid. The environment and the types are distinctively of the Russian court. The two central figures are a princess and a grand duke, and the wretchedness arising from the reluctant marriage into which they are urged by the obligations of their rank furnishes the motive of the tale. The work is firm and intimate in tone, thus producing a realistic effect, especially in the descriptive portions; and the feeling of the story throughout is of the profoundest pessimism, which faith does not brighten.

"Each day's journey is as the walking of a narrow plank in great darkness over chasms that sink out of sight, and the heart is like to sink there, too, out of loneliness on that deathly way, and there is no warm hand-clasp at the slippery places, no dear companion trying the hard steps first, and calling cheerily that all is well and the lights are in sight. A bitter march from dawn to night, with no tried mate to share the rough shanty and the traveller's bread when the day's march is done. Only far away beyond the jagged peaks and the cruel passes and the mist-blind moorland, so far that thousands of days of wayfaring lie between us and it—the still, white radiance that dies not in the sunlight nor strengthens in the starlight, shows where the beloved left the door open into peace when he passed through. And the foolish ones playing on the southern slopes warm with the fires beneath, they who seek new sins and sell them dear to one another in their hunger for hell, look up to us on the cold passes and cry mocking, 'Behold such an one, he believes there is a light over the hills! That he will find his dead beyond! Hi! Poor fool! Thy heaven is space, thy hope is a lie! Self is real and sin is sweet. Come down and be warm with us!'"

WHITE SAND. By M. C. Balfour. New York: The Merriam Co. $1.25.

The central idea of this story is that everlasting thesis which appears entirely tenable to most men, and absolutely untenable to most

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women—the complete divisibility and the coexistence of a man's love for a good woman and for a bad woman. It cannot be claimed that the author, whom the point of view seems to reveal as a woman, offers any solution of this heretofore insoluble problem, nor can it be conceded that she has grasped the situation with even the average firmness and power. Yet the subject, however clumsily approached, catches and fixes the attention, holding, as it always has held and doubtless always must hold, a place of vital importance in a reasonably complete knowledge and understanding of human nature.

"'Yes,' he sighed hopelessly; 'and I love you in spite of it. I love you; but it's no use telling you that, it's an insult—from me. . . . Perhaps you might not have guessed, and I need not have told you. . . . But I could not bear that there should be anything between us, even the smallest lie—and, at least, I have told you the truth.'"

He does not see—man rarely sees—that it is this very truth-telling that she most bitterly resents, because it forces her to a decision which she would rather ignore—a decision which either way must be a fatal blow to her happiness, since forgiveness she knows will lower her in the estimation of the transgressor. And this woman voices the feeling that most women are afraid to put into words.

"'I think,' she said aloud, 'that there is much to be said for a well-dressed lie. Truth is so—disgustingly—naked.'"

And then, driving her to the wall, he goes blindly on to say that he cannot promise that he will not fall again.

"'It disgusts me to look back on it. But at the same time—I—it amuses me—abominably. Don't misunderstand that. I want you to know my utter degradation. It amuses me—damnably.'"

Turning at bay, she flashes out the secret thought that has often lain silent in the heart of the purest of women:

"'I don't see why I shouldn't be damnably amusing too.'"

Another love-story of a more conventional kind runs through the book, and it was apparently the intention of the author to make it the leading one, but this thesis soon becomes the central idea.

MR. BILLY BUTTONS. By Walter Lecky. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.25.

Mr. Lecky has evidently not as yet become completely conscious of the importance of the title of a book, for otherwise he would never have made doubtful the commercial success of the present volume by giving it a name which instantly arouses prejudice in the mind of the prospective buyer. When *Mr. Billy Buttons* came to us we refrained from opening it for several weeks, being certain that it must be just another mess of cheap mechanical wit such as one finds, for example, in the productions of Mr. Hayden Carruth; and in this way we unconsciously did the book a great injustice; but Mr. Lecky has himself to blame in having handicapped his really admirable volume when he named it. *Mr. Billy Buttons* is a collection of stories linked together by the fact that they are told by a single narrator, and by the fact that, taken as a whole, they give a compact and sympathetic picture of a little Adirondack village near the Canadian border. Mr. Lecky knows his ground very thoroughly; he has keen observation, a quick eye for the picturesque, and an exceptional command of the sources alike of pathos and of humour; and hence the book is thoroughly good reading from end to end. The odd types in so isolated a community are well and truly sketched—some of them, such as the good Père Monnier, the weird little Jenny Sauvé, and Mr. Billy Buttons himself, a typical Adirondack guide, being persons to remember. We rather regret that the publishers have thought fit to style the series in which this book appears "The Catholic Series;" for what have "Catholic" and "Protestant" to do with literature as such? And even more than the title of the volume itself, this label, smacking as it does of the *odium theologicum*, must limit the circulation of a book that deserves from every lover of good writing a cordial welcome.

A SINGER'S HEART. By Anna Farquhar. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.

This story seems to have the value that attaches to an actual human experience aside from any artistic considerations. The very absence of art may have something to do with the autobiographical feeling of the work. And, since a book should as nearly as possible be judged for what it is, not for what it might or ought to be, this must be called good of its kind. The awkward earnestness of the opening pages carries conviction. The first awakening of an artist soul imprisoned within domestic environment has been less vividly described by many better writers. The ruthless haste with which every fettering obstacle, no matter how sacred, is thrust aside is true to the cruelty of genius, if false to literary art. The instinctive rush of the artistic temperament toward erotic experience—not so much for love's sake as in the desire for the power that passion is assumed to give art—makes an apparently unconscious revelation of an aspect of genius that the ungifted would rather not see. The singer too readily takes it for granted that the fiddler is unmarried, and becomes too promptly conscious that the atmosphere surrounding them thrills with the "feeling of a day when electrical storm clouds are looming." Perhaps it is true, as the singer says, that the artist must feel to be great. But it can hardly be true that real love, such as moves the deep nature of the soul, comes or goes by invitation, either on or off the stage. By proving such a possibility the author would become a great benefactor of the human race, greater far than the greatest writer or the greatest singer that has ever lived. The sidelights thrown on the artistic point of view by this phase of the story are not edifying. They arouse suspicion of the integrity of feeling which is regarded as stock in trade. Nor does the early and easy transfer of the singer's affections in any wise lessen this impression. On the contrary, it gathers strength to the end of the story up to the very last paragraph, in which the tragic death of this latest lover is casually commented upon mainly as having "developed the tears and the dramatic quality" of the singer's voice. The cruelty of genius and its faithlessness to everything but itself has rarely had such a merciless showing as in this crude work.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

CUBA IN WAR TIME. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. New York: R. H. Russell. $1.25.

We have this to say of Mr. Davis's book: that of all that has been written and printed regarding Cuba since the present war began, this gives one the clearest and most intelligent understanding of what is actually going on in that unhappy island. To read it is to be on the spot, and perhaps it makes the situation rather less obscure to us than if we actually were on the spot; for not every one has Mr. Davis's gift—the gift of a heaven-born observer—to extricate the essential facts from the mass of confusing detail and set them before the mind with vividness and insight. When we finish this volume of some 150 pages, we have been in the field and at the trocha, have marched with the Spanish troops and witnessed the marauding which they call war, and have seen with our own eyes exactly what is happening. Mr. Davis writes in a direct, straightforward fashion, with no attempt at rhetoric, but the narrative is full of absorbing interest because he knows just what things to pick out, and thus he makes us read on and on till the last page has been reached. We have seen the book taken up by persons who, curiously enough, had no especial interest in Mr. Davis, and who had scarcely heard that there is a war in Cuba, and they have invariably sat down to finish the volume at a reading. We might, as usual in Mr. Davis's writing, select instances of inaccurate English and faulty style; but when a person can force you to read him in spite of yourself, he can very well afford to let the niceites of usage and the pedantry of purists all go hang. As to Mr. Remington's drawings, they have a certain interest, but it is a very mild one, and they are nothing to be proud of.

SOME MASTERS OF LITHOGRAPHY. By Atherton Curtis. With 22 photogravure plates after representative lithographs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $12.00.

When so luxurious a piece of bookmaking as the present volume comes along, it helps to refute the charge commonly brought against publishers nowadays of simply truckling to use and wont, caring nothing for art and beauty and intrinsic worth, seeking only that which will further the ends of sordid gain. The sale of a book like this is very limited, as its appeal is mainly to genuine art-lovers; and it is, therefore, all the more creditable to the publishers who have undertaken its publication. The edition consists of only 750 copies, and to those who can appreciate the literary value of the work, the fine artistic execution of the lithographs reproduced in photogravure, the excellence of the bookmaking, the price will appear very moderate indeed. The plan of the author has been to select a few of the greatest lithographers for the purpose of showing what has been done in an art which for many years has been sadly neglected. To this end he has wisely made such selections as shall best illustrate the artist's work, and, above all, the qualities in which he excelled. Regarding the illustrations, they give a good idea of the originals, and are, on the whole, remarkably successful reproductions. And while the reader must not take these photogravures as substitutes for the original lithographs, he would be surprised to see how fairly the general effects of the prints have been reproduced and retained. Indeed, in many cases these illustrations give a better idea of the style of the artists, and present a fairer view of the original results than can be had from worn impressions from the original stones. Etching can do things unknown to lithography, just as burin-engraving can do things impossible in either of them; but as Mr. Curtis admonishes us in his preface:

"While admiring the great works produced by the burin and the etching needle let us not forget that lithography, too, has had its great masters—men who can stand beside the Dürers, the Rembrandts, and the Meryons with no fear of suffering by comparison. If that ideal time ever comes when works of art are appreciated for their own merits, when collecting is no longer governed by fashion, but turns to everything that is good, regardless of the medium by which it is done, then the great masters of lithography will take the place they deserve among the immortals. As we marvel now at the ages that could ignore the greatness of Rembrandt, so surely will the time come when people will wonder at the ignorance that failed to understand the genius of Gavarni and Raffet."

Mr. Curtis's thorough mastery and scientific grasp of the subject proves him to be a patient and careful student, gifted with insight and imagination trained to exact appreciation and soundness of judgment. Nor is he lacking in those qualities of the mind which irradiate the technicalities of art and make them luminous to the uninitiated. The work is a highly creditable performance both to author and publishers.

THE STORY OF JANE AUSTEN'S LIFE. By Oscar Fay Adams. Second edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.00.

A CHAT ABOUT CELEBRITIES; OR, THE STORY OF A BOOK. By Curtis Guild. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

In these two books before us we have demonstrated two very different methods, that of Mr. Adams illustrating the literary method, and that of Mr. Guild the journalistic method. *The Story of Jane Austen's Life* was originally published in 1891, the particular reason for its production in addition to those in existence being set forth by the author as "a desire to place Jane Austen before the world as the winsome, delightful woman that she was, and thus dispel the unattractive, not to say forbidding, mental picture which so many have formed of her." This new edition has been revised, extended, and made especially interesting by the addition of eighteen illustrations from photographs of places associated with Miss Austen and her novels. The biography is adequate and reliable, and the story is told with sustained interest.

As the title of Mr. Guild's book at once indicates, it belongs to the class made up of gleanings in a field already reaped and garnered. Reminiscences, recollections, anecdotes, observations, and personalities galore are scattered over 300 pages about all sorts and kinds of celebrities, from Tennyson to Tom Thumb. It makes

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a very good book for those who like to get their stories and jests about celebrated people at second hand, and has therefore a certain value. It is the sort of thing that only a journalist could furnish, as the peculiarly favourable nature of his occupation brings him into direct and constant contact with notable people. Mr. Guild's "chats" are drawn from a journalistic career of fifty years.

THE COLONIAL TAVERN: A Glimpse of New England Town Life in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By Edward Field. Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Not if you live in the nineteenth century. You take your ease in a hotel sumptuously planned for the comfort and luxury of "families" without children, or in a club where you may seclude yourself from undesirable company; or if these are unattainable and your tastes lie that way, in a "saloon."

The old-fashioned tavern, with its simple, often rude, always democratic mingling of neighbours and strangers, is a thing of the past. Such a study as this of Mr. Field is highly entertaining in itself and historically important. It gives a peep into an unfamiliar phase of early New England life. Among other things, the dissipations of our staid Puritan forefathers are disclosed. It may seem shocking, but it is apparently a fact that they were careful to have the tavern built close to the "meeting house," so that between the double hour-glass sermons delivered in a freezing atmosphere, worshippers might have a place to warm themselves and means for the spirituous as well as spiritual refreshment of the inner man. In those ante railroad days, those days of genuine village life, the tavern was a factor whose importance has been scarcely appreciated, and this handsomely printed and pleasantly written volume deserves a place in the studies of the social aspects of New England life during the colonial period.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER. By J. R. Hayes, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Dr. Hayes, who is Medical Examiner to the Bureau of Pensions, has written at once a very sensible and a very readable book. How sensible it is, any one who has any practical knowledge of dietetics and hygiene can see at a glance; and everybody will find it interesting. It resembles the talk of an exceedingly well informed and well-balanced physician, who points his advice with concrete illustrations and enlivens it with apt quotation. Some of his citations, indeed, show a rather remarkable eclecticism, inasmuch as they range from Pythagoras and Bichat and Browning to Dr. T. De Witt Talmage and Mrs. Frank Leslie; but this is a minor detail. If the average man would only read this book and remember its very plain and simple suggestions, he would presently become more cheerful in mind, more healthy in body, and better assured of a longer and more useful life.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1897.

Sales for the past month have continued rather light, although the publications have been numerous, including many works by popular authors of the day. The output, however, seems to be in excess of the demand, as even the largest dealers find it difficult in many instances to dispose of the quantities which have to be taken to secure bottom rates.

Among the most prominent of the month's publications may be mentioned *Lads' Love*, by S. R. Crockett; *Miss Archer Archer*, by Clara Louise Burnham; *Prisoners of Conscience*, by Amelia E. Barr, and *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, by William Dean Howells, while the demand for *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, by Paul Leicester Ford, and *Hilda Strafford*, by Beatrice Harraden, has been especially great. In addition there are new novels by Rosa N. Carey, Robert Barr, Henry James, Frank R. Stockton, and Margaret Deland.

Several new titles have been added to the list on out-door subjects, notably *Lawns and Gardens*, by N. Johnson-Rose; *The Procession of the Flowers*, by T. W. Higginson, and *Nature in a City Yard*, by C. M. Skinner.

Another feature of recent publications has been the numerous memoirs and biographies, including *The Life of Nelson*, by Captain A. T. Mahan; *Memoirs of Baron Lejeune*, and *Martha Washington*, by Anna H. Wharton. This class of literature, with a few exceptions, is hardly expected to reach any considerable sale.

The temporary suppression of *The Triumph of Death*, by Gabriele D'Annunzio, created a decided demand for this book and a call for some other books of a questionable character.

This spring's publications generally have been noticeable for their attractive appearance; the variety of colours in the cloth bindings, the cleverness displayed in the side stamps and the deckel edge of the paper are features very pronounced and much admired. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have been particularly fortunate in these respects with their recent publications.

Cap and Gown, second series, by F. L. Knowles, is the continuation of a selection of college poetry popular for the College Commencement time, and *Life's Comedy*, first series, selections from life, are likely to meet with a considerable sale.

Among religious subjects there are the *Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer*, by C. W. Shields; *Religion in History and Modern Life*, by A. M. Fairbairn; *The Spiritual Development of St. Paul*, by G. Matheson, and two small books by Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Notwithstanding the reputation of the au-

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thors represented in the publications for April, we find some of the older books still in large demand. *Quo Vadis* has continued to lead in point of sale, with *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *Phroso*, *Ziska*, and *On the Face of the Waters* well to the fore. *Farthest North*, *Forty-one Years in India*, and books of travel generally, have also sold readily.

Although the season for paper-bound stock is now at hand, there is little of importance to offer. The Riverside Paper Series, containing many titles by well-known authors, is again being issued in a new and tasteful binding, and other lines are published regularly, but are not selling to any extent.

Announced for instant publication are *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen ; *A Rose of Yesterday*, by F. Marion Crawford, and *In the Tideway*, by Flora A. Steel ; and also new books by Dean Farrar, Octave Thanet, Opie Read, and "Ouida."

Sales for the past month indicate the following books in order of popularity :

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

The Triumph of Death. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. $1.50.

On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. $1.50.

Bob Covington. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. Cloth, $1.00 ; paper, 50 cents.

The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.

Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.25.

Ziska. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne. $1.50.

The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Gilbert Parker. $1 25.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.

Titus. By Florence M. Kingsley. Paper, 5 cents ; cloth, 20 cents.

The Wrestler of Philippi. By Fannie E. Newberry. Paper, 5 cents ; cloth, 20 cents.

That Affair Next Door. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents ; cloth, $1.00.

Miss Archer Archer. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25.

The Wisdom of Fools. By Margaret Deland. $1.25.

The Green Book. By Maurus Jokai. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1897.

April trade was fairly good during the first half of the month, but fell off somewhat toward the latter end. The average, however, was far from being a bad one. The demand for new books was again a marked feature of the business done, the latest spring books going especially well. Trade has been very even in its miscellaneous aspect so far this year, the demand having been right along very regular and general.

Easter trade was never at any time particularly lively, and at times was almost dull. As a whole it does not compare very well with previous years, but probably the lateness of Easter this year may account for it. *Easter Bells*, by Margaret E. Sangster, sold very well, as also did Irene Jerome's *Seven Glad Days*.

Mr. Mabie's various books of essays are good stock and always sell readily, but the sale of his latest volume, *Books and Culture*, has been quite remarkable. Although published some six months ago, and meeting with an exceptional demand during the holidays, the work is still selling almost as freely as when it first came out.

Sales of sixteenmos are particularly good, considering the time of the year, the Phœnix Series especially being in good demand.

April added quite a number of good selling books to the spring list, the best of them being *Miss Archer Archer*, by Clara Louise Burnham ; *Lads' Love*, by S. R. Crockett ; *A Story-Teller's Pack*, by F. R. Stockton ; *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, by W. D. Howells ; *The Mutable Many*, by Robert Barr ; *Hilda Strafford*, by Beatrice Harraden ; *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, by Paul Leicester Ford, all of which belong to the domain of fiction. In other classes, Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* was more than favourably received, while Donald G. Mitchell's *American Lands and Letters* is having a large sale.

Sales of Walt Whitman's poems and Whitmaniana generally have greatly increased lately. Perhaps a Whitman cult is arising.

Out-door books are in lively demand now, especially those on farming, gardening, and similar pursuits ; the sale of these last month being especially good.

Sales of electrical books and works relating to technical science in all of its branches have been very good indeed since the new year opened. The field for this class of books is widening all the time.

Eating and Drinking, by Dr. Albert H. Hoy, which tells, among other things, how life may be prolonged, had quite a good call last month. From the avidity with which works of this kind are bought, it would appear that even if suicides are increasing, the majority still desire a longer innings. *How to Live Longer*, by J. R. Hayes, is also very popular.

Quo Vadis still keeps up its wonderful run, its sale being more than double that of anything else last month. *Farthest North* met with a good, steady demand, and the sale of *The Honourable Peter Stirling* is still moving upward. *On the Red Staircase* did very well ; but most of the other popular favourites show a slight decrease in the sales record. This, of course, is only what may be expected at this time of the year.

Cuba in War Time, by Richard Harding Davis, is having a good reception, the pictures by Remington being quite a feature of the book.

The favourite books of the month as indicated by their sales are :

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz $2.00.

On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. $1.50.

Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50

Farthest North. By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. 2 vols. $10.00.

On the Red Staircase. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

Margaret Ogilvie. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.

Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1.75.

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Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
Ziska. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Gilbert Parker. $1.25.
Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
Flames. By Robert Hitchens. $1.50.
Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.25.
The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.
American Lands and Letters. By Donald G. Mitchell. $2.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 22 to April 17, 1897.

Lent is always a quiet time with the bookseller, and the present season has not been an exception, but the volume of trade has been so far satisfactory. There has not been quite so much Lent literature sold as is usual, at least so far as the wholesale trade is concerned. Orders from abroad are coming in in fair numbers and volume.

The war in the East is directing attention to books on the countries involved, noticeably Miller's *The Balkans*, and works of a like nature.

The 6s. novel is still the staple article of commerce in the trade. The leaders in their order of merit are, *The Massarenes*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *On the Face of the Waters*, *Phroso*, and *Flames*. A few 3s. 6d. novels have appeared, but the 6s. form still holds its own, and that it may long continue to do so is the ardent wish of the bookseller.

The approach of the "Diamond Jubilee" has revived the "Jubilee" lives of the Queen and stories of the Queen's reign, but little that is new has appeared. The exception is *Sixty Years a Queen*, issued in parts. Tens of thousands of the first number have been sold. A curiosity of the former class of book was published a week or two since, which seriously states on the title-page that it is *revised to June*, 1897. Rather prophetic this! There is a slight revival of interest in South African affairs. Garrett's *African Crisis* and *Trooper Peter Halket* are now selling freely.

With the return of spring, books dealing with gardening and out-door pursuits generally are noticeable on the orders received daily from all parts.

The bookseller has been chosen as the medium for distributing the stamps (1s. and 2s. 6d.) of the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund. Here is a chance of a little extra business for the bookseller, who should not overlook it. It is expected that the demand will be enormous, while the issue is limited.

The Nansen boom is subsiding, but it has been a good one while it lasted. A good-selling two-guinea book is always welcome.

A little book on etiquette by Mrs. Humphry, entitled *Manners for Men*, is very popular. A glance at its contents and style will at once account for this.

Mention must be made of Whitaker's *Directory of Titled Persons*. It is still in demand, and seems to be just the book that was wanted.

The sale of Canon Gore's *Sermon on the Mount* is still very good, and so also is that of Goldwin Smith's *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence*. In the case of the latter the supply has at times been inadequate to the demand.

Since last month's article was in type, it has been ascertained that the number of new books and new editions issued during the month of March was close upon 600. It may be that publishers are pushing their new books forward in anticipation of the reaction which is sure to follow the Jubilee celebration.

Appended is a list of books which may be taken as a fair index to the public taste. Works of a more serious or scientific character appear for the moment to be neglected.

The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
Guavas the Tinner. By S. B. Gould. 6s.
The Green Book. By M. Jokai. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Trooper Peter Halket. By O. Schreiner. 6s.
The Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
Christine of the Hills. By Max Pemberton. 6s.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Under Love's Rule. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Balkans. By W. Miller. 5s.
Cakes and Ale. By E. Spencer. 5s.
Madame Sans Gêne. By E. Lepellier. 3s. 6d.
Story of an African Crisis. By E. Garrett. 3s. 6d.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.
Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith. 6s.
Queen Victoria: "Jubilee" literature generally.
Manners for Men. By Mrs. Humphry. 1s.
Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons. 2s. 6d.
A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. 3s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
Forty-one Years in India. By Colonel Roberts. 2 vols. 36s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1, 1897, and May 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribner.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

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5. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Great K. and A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. $1.50. (Richmond.)
5. Merry Maid of Arcady. By Harrison. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. $1.50. (Richmond & Co.)
4. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.25. (Putnam.)
5. Sign of the Spider. By Mitford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Lure of Fame. By Holland. $1.00. (N. A. Book Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Transatlantic Châtelaine. By Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Falcon of Langéac. By Whiteley. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Transatlantic Châtelaine. By Prince. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
4. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Landlord at Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co)
5. That Affair Next Door. By Green. Paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
6. Transatlantic Châtelaine. By Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Red Staircase. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Modern Poet Prophets. By Guthrie. $2.00. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
3. The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Landlord at Lion's Head. By Howells. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Well Beloved. By Hardy. $1.50. (Harper.)

DENVER, COL.

1. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Mistress of the Ranch. By Clark. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
6. How to Listen to Music. By Krehbiel. $1.25. (Scribner.)

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1 50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Sign of the Cross. By Barrett. 1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribner.)
6. Warfare Between Science and Theology. By White. $5.00. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Patience Sparhawk. By Atherton. $1.50. (Lane.)
4. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. The Descendant. $1.25. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
3. The Great K. and A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
2. The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. America and the Americans. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.25. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
6. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.25. (W. Briggs.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. $2.50. (Scribners.)
2. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
3. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Falcon of Langéac. By Whiteley. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. The Place of Death in Evolution. By Smyth. $1.25. (Scribner.)

NEW ORLEANS.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom, Jr. $1.25. (Stone.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Into an Unknown World. By Winter. 50 cts. (Lippincott.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
4. America and Americans. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
3. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Master Beggars. By Cornford. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone.)
5. Prisoners of Conscience. By Barr. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Hilda Strafford. By Harraden. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
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